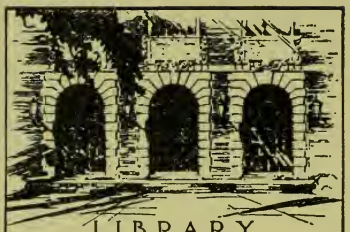

LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY
OF ILLINOIS

823
G17t
v.1

Chesler
8. 19. 5

3 Vols.

TREGARTHEN HALL.

TREGARTHEN HALL.

A Novel.

BY

JAMES GARLAND.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:

TINSLEY BROTHERS, 18, CATHERINE ST., STRAND.

1871.

[*All Rights Reserved.*]

PRINTED BY TAYLOR AND CO.,
LITTLE QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

833
G17t
v.1

TREGARTHEN HALL.

CHAPTER I.

"How mournfully this buried ground
Sleeps 'mid old Ocean's solemn sound,
Who rolls his bright and sunny waves
All round these deaf and silent graves!"

JOHN WILSON.

THE legendary incidents forming the construction of this tale are of West Cornwall interest, and occurred very many years ago, before civilization had made such revolutions in society by the appliance of steam and invention of railroads,—destroying the old land-marks, causing old customs and manners to become obsolete, and leaving but little unchanged, beyond the configuration of the physical geography of the country. The old granite cliffs remain, still pre-

senting a defiant attitude as England's protection against the devastating innovations of the wild waves of the Atlantic. Here, if anywhere, it may be said, "Shall thy proud waves be stayed!" With the career of time, old family names have disappeared, their descendants either having died out, or become fused in the great ocean of humanity, the tide of life having rolled on, and borne them on its resistless surges to foreign lands, or drowned them in its relentless billows.

The old churchyards yet remain, the resting-places of these old families, and old monumental memoriams, crumbling by the lapse of time into decay, record the virtues of the mouldering remains that lie undisturbed beneath. Quietude reigns serenely here, except when the war of elements give an earnest that the hope of a resurrection in which they fell asleep will be realized, or the evening breezes sighing through the branches of the old yew-trees, bear over their tombs the discordant cawings of the rook family, or when the old church bells from the ivy-covered belfry chime their summons when the hour for worship has come; then it is broken by the surrounding families of rich and poor assembling to meet their minister in the

old church, to chant the same old psalms, and repeat the same comprehensive liturgy as the buried did before them in the silent past; many of whom, as they walk through the old familiar churchyard path when the service is over, walled in by these old time-effacing sacred memorials, feel that after a few transient years have passed away, and they have given their children in marriage, will in their turn be forgotten, and leave nothing more behind them than sacred memorials in endless succession, varied only by the fancy of the stone-cutter, and the ability of their descendants to write their epitaphs in eulogistic praise, often in verse.

The old parish clerk and the older bell-ringers are the chief frequenters of these old Cornish resting-places. The stone tower with its peal of bells, contiguous to the 'Rose and Crown' public-house, situated in what is called St. Keverne Church Town, is the place of resort of these worthies. Here, after an evening hour's ringing, they enjoy with mine host a draught from the froth-covered tankard of his best home-brewed, and talk over the histories of the families who are now no more. All their follies are forgiven, time has healed up every sore without a

scar; all their virtues are kindly remembered, and afford the source of an ever-overflowing fountain of their conversation.

"The old family tomb of the Laitys of Tregarthen wants repair, and must be looked to," said mine host of the 'Rose and Crown,' as he had an especial interest in the respectability of the churchyard; for tottering and fallen tombstones, tombstones covered with moss, from which every syllable had been obliterated, did not look seemly or sightly from the window of his best room, which looked out on the ivy-covered belfry and over the hills far away.

Here in the best parlour was also discussed the politics of their limited world, which for the most part consisted in the state of the market for pigs, poultry, and potatoes; the weather as indicative or otherwise for a good take of pilchards, and the final arrangements for meeting to ring a funeral dirge, or a marriage peal, as the case might be.

It was on one of these oft-recurring occasions, when the party of bell-ringers were about to separate, that a quivering voice, trembling with extreme old age, was peevishly heard to say,—

"Who says the Laitys' tomb wants repair-

ing? I tell you old Dick Chislett was the last to repair it, he mended the old family crest, and put a new leg in plaister to the marbled "White Horse;" but he's dead, and nobody has touched it since. Let be! let be! it will do very well until the next of the Laitys is laid straight; then lay me at their feet, for man and boy for ninety years, I've been fed from their board. I knew them well, breakers as well as makers of law, a proud and haughty race, but thinkful of the poor, and mindful of the beast. I mind when the Baronet was born; there was feasting then, barons of beef, and venison pasties for hundreds, and ale running like a mill-stream; a sober man till Sunday, was like a shilling on Monday morning—out of sight. I mind them well. I was in the cutter with the old Baronet when the run with the Burgundy and claret was made; the revenue men were told it was to be at Lamorna Cove; and so it was, but the Baronet had a second cutter rigged fore and aft like ours, and ordered her to stand in for Lamorna. There was a palaver when the 'Sylvia's' men in the boat, with their long sweeps, overhauled her; but whilst that was going on, old Sir Hugh stood right on for Mullion, and went right into Dolor Hugo, and

in the old cave he anchored his rundlets. It was claret, none like it now; all gone, all gone, it's the way of this old worn-out world. The last of it went when Sir Hugh was christened up at Tregarthen, instead of being brought to the old font at St. Keverne, and christened with the water from St. Ruan's Well, as all his ancestors were. Ill-luck has followed him, and will to his end, and he'll be the last of the Laitys. But the claret and the Burgundy, the quality did like it; and Sir Hugh winked and laughed, and said the way it was good was because it came over by moonshine."

"Hush, grandfer!" said mine host, considering it desirable now to put a stop to his father's garrulity. "Hush, I tell you, you're gone daft!"

Unconscious of this interruption, he continued, "Noah nor Lot never drank such claret. How their eyes would have sparkled at it!" And smacking his lips, as if realizing in his senility the taste of the exquisite claret, he enacted in imagination the smuggling acts of his young life, whilst tottering between the two worlds. Obedient to the voice of childhood, he paid attention to his great-grandchild when she brought a light, and said, sweetly and innocently,

"Mammy says you are to go to bed." Then muttering Bible scraps as they floated across his feeble brain, he followed the child to his couch of sleep.

The surrounding scenery of the 'Rose and Crown' at St. Keverne, with refreshment for man and beast, where this incident took place, is very lovely, and especially so in fine weather, as the salubrious climate has caused the family of ferns, with the gorse and white heath, to flourish in great luxuriance and in great variety, whilst near the seashore the downs are strewed with wild flowers of the most exquisite delicacy. The hedges are formed of the lovely tamarisk, and on the rugged rocks, where stops the step of man, grows the samphire, immortalized by Shakspeare as a dangerous calling to gather it.

In the period synchronical with this tale, few were the visitors who came to St. Keverne. These Cornish fishermen, smugglers, miners, and farmers lived by themselves and to themselves; they married and intermarried with each other, and seldom strayed further afield than their hebdomadal trips to the market towns, where they to a certain extent bartered their produce for the fabrics necessary for clothing.

Money was scarce, and the circulation of it feeble; their commodities were consumed amongst themselves, and little was known amongst these villagers of the great outside world, beyond the narratives of any of them who had returned from voyages, and who detailed their adventures, and brought home little presents, with which nearly every cottage was furnished, and every tenant valued.

The owners of the land and the old families were revered. They lived much on their estates, the female portion seldom leaving home, and the elder male branches only when, as members of the Legislature, they were compelled to reside a portion of their time in London, but who for the most part when they left, listened to the prayers of their families for their safe journeys and protection from robbers and assassins, and on their return were received with demonstrations of welcome. It was an occasion for the bell-ringers to ring a merry peal, and an opportunity availed of for the games of the county to be played, as some of the owners of the soil were not only munificent patrons, but actually athletes themselves, and competitors in the contests of wrestling, hurling, and quoit throwing.

St. Keverne never looked better than in summer time or on a Sunday morning, when the Laitys, Killigrews, and the quality from the surrounding neighbourhood, as well as the labourer from sea and land, came on their pillioned saddled horses, the ladies riding behind their cavaliers, husbands, or attendants, and filled the old church with a congregation, from minister to clerk, from squire to ploughman, who were bound up with each other in all that concerned the interests of life. The same minister, and his father before him, married and buried them, and baptized their children; the same old stocks by the belfry in the churchyard had been the instrument for correcting the rebellious, and the Laitys for generations the only family from whom they would accept their punishment.

In all the speculations or adventures, as they were termed, the landowners took an interest, and by supplying capital, participated in the results, for they encouraged the manufacture of nets, or seines as they were called, the building of boats (for their use), the exciting and dangerous occupation of deep-sea fishing and enclosing the pilchards in seines, when they in immense shoals struck the shore—a fish that resembles the herring,

valuable for its oil and for exportation to the East when salted. In tin-mining speculations also they assisted, an occupation of very ancient date, for their money was a necessity, and their partnership considered an omen of success. Thus they fulfilled the Scripture conception of life in a little community, by the rich and the poor dwelling together. They had their traditions in the belief that the land once joined the Continent, and were confirmed in it when their mariners returned from the Mediterranean and told them they had seen there the same kind of wild flowers that blossomed on their downs, and the same kind of serpentine rock that fringed their coast; and also they had their legend in the belief that their land at no very remote period of time, extended for many leagues further seaward than at present, that it was then a beautiful region, and that the families who have white horses for their crests, are those fortunate ones who escaped when the sea swallowed up the land.

CHAPTER II.

"'Tis sweet to hear the watch-dog's honest bark
Bay deep-mouth'd welcome as we draw near home."

BYRON.

TREGARTHEN HALL, the ancient seat of the Laity family, was a noble old Gothic building, beautifully situated with a commanding view of the sea and a prospect which took in a large expanse of country, with the indented bays along the rock-bound coast. Within the distance of two miles, stood the village of St. Keverne, chiefly the home of the land labourers and fishermen of the district.

Sir Hugh Laity, the present owner of Tregarthen Hall, was a handsome man of noble proportions, his youth had been spent abroad, travelling in the East, where he enlarged his information and cultivated his capacious mind. On assuming the

title and the large estate on the death of his father, who was a man of fierce temperament and fond of danger, he married Margaret Killigrew, a daughter of a kinsman, with whom he lived very happily, attending to his magisterial duties and visiting London during the session of Parliament. The first sorrow came to him in the extreme delicacy of his wife when she gave birth to her first-born, his son and heir, who inherited his mother's constitution and died in infancy; his second sorrow which bowed his head to the ground, was the death of his beloved Margaret, when his second child, Blanche, a beautiful girl was born. Mainly by the judicious treatment of her nurse, she survived the trying months of infancy, and was living at this time with her father at Tregarthen Hall in retirement, for time had not as yet yielded him that consolation which would enable him to resume his active life, and open the doors of Tregarthen Hall for visitors beyond his circle of relations and most intimate friends.

Sir Hugh Laity continued to take the same interest in the welfare of his neighbours, and helped them in their speculations of fishing and mining, but these kindnesses were dispensed by his steward, and beyond sitting on the bench as

magistrate, settling disputes of local interest, and occasionally committing to the prison for a few days, or to the parish stocks for a few hours, some vagrant for petty theft, he was seldom seen beyond his domain except on Sundays, when he attended St. Keverne church with little Blanche with punctilious regularity.

Amongst the members of Sir Hugh's household there was a young woman, exceedingly good-looking, to whom Sir Hugh was very partial; she was a young sapling who had entered his service when the death of Lady Margaret occurred, and on whom she made a great impression by her assiduous yet unpretending attentions by her bedside during her last illness. From this circumstance she became a great favourite, and had many indulgences not usually afforded to domestics, but she was also the only daughter of old Kitty Keskeys, who, with her kith, had been in the family's service for generations, but who was now pensioned off, and was living, a widow woman, in a neat little cottage on the borders of the estate, near to St. Ruan's Well—a Well, be it said, of superstitious reverence, being shadowed by an ancient edifice of steatite rock from the neighbouring formation,—the water from which was never

used except for baptismal purposes at St. Keverne and Landewednack churches, but allowed to gurgle on over boulders of rock in a channel hewn out by its incessant flow, amidst the undulations of forest and pasture ground, until it found its rest in the depth of ocean. Near here in solitude old Kitty resided, and seldom moved further away than Tregarthen Hall, where she was much respected by the whole of the inmates, and to church on every Sunday at St. Keverne, where she mingled, as was her wont and her habit with the establishment of Sir Hugh, retaining her old place in the family pew with persistent tenacity. It was whispered at the fishing-coves that Bullock, the butler, tried to oust her, but she was, in their vernacular, "too many guns for him." Jennifer, or Laughing Jenny as she was called from her exuberant spirits, had now grown up to a young woman, and had flirted with the young fishermen of Cadgwith and Kynance Coves, where they kept their boats, and from whence they started on their fishing enterprises; she was free with her laughing favours and clever with her needle, and if she made a little flag for the 'Saucy Lass,' she also made one for the 'Good Luck,' but beyond this, Jenny did not extend her

favours; she liked, but did not love the young and daring fishermen; and although more than once reproved by the tender and fatherly pastor for her giddiness and inattention in church, yet when the service was over, more frequently than not, Jenny went homewards accompanied by John Jenkins, a hind or baillie on one of the farms. True, the way of the fishermen was towards the sea and Jenny's from it, but so it was, Jenkins would no more have stayed away from church, than he would have refrained from shooting a hare; and so it came to pass that he and Jenny somehow or other, after the customary greetings and flirtations were over after church, generally dawdled until one after another had left, and then far behind in the Tregarthen train, after assisting the last farmer's wife to mount her pillion, walked home together. Habits are soon formed, and soon Jenny as a matter of course joined Jenkins, and it was observed that the flags of the 'Saucy Lass' and 'Good Luck' were not hoisted as customary on the Sundays, when these wave-tossed boats were lying snug in Cadgwith and Kynance Coves.

But as the summer passed and the winter came, the watchful eyes of Jenny's neighbours remarked

that her humour was less genial, and her figure strangely altered. Some always prognosticated evil of the girl, especially those matrons who were interested in the fishing-boats in general, and the 'Saucy Lass' and 'Good Luck,' in particular. Indeed, Peggy Snell asked her publicly whether the parson had called the banns, as she was late to church to-day. Jenny's reply was a flash of indignation from her sparkling eyes, as she trudged off with Jenkins. He heard not, saw not, love is blind; ferreting rabbits and trapping hares occupied his thoughts. Jenny, however, on her return home was full of alarm; and instead of attending church in the afternoon, she visited her mother at her cottage near the old well of St. Ruan. The scandal touching her daughter had reached the mother's ears, and poor Jenny's condition could not be concealed from her experienced eyes. The scene between the mother and daughter was distressing; poor Jenny had to leave the Hall before any arrangements could be made in any measure to mitigate the fearful consequences, as she had stifled her fears and neglected every precaution. In her extremity, not knowing where to fly, so that she might hide her head, she flew to her

mother, and was by her received, and in her mother's lonely cottage became the mother of a boy.

The scandal soon became known, and St. Ruan's Well became more lonely than ever, to the agony of old Kitty, and the consternation of every one in Tregarthen Hall.

Sir Hugh Laity, on becoming acquainted with poor Jenny's behaviour, was very angry; he instituted inquiries, and caused John Jenkins to be brought before him in his magisterial capacity. The whole neighbourhood was outraged and indignant; some blamed Jenny and some blamed Jenkins. The men for the most part laid the fault on Jenkins. The women were unanimous in their condemnation of Jenny.

John Jenkins was amazed when he heard of Jenny's condition, and was summoned at the same time to appear before the magistrates to answer for his heartless conduct. In his bewilderment he exclaimed, "I shall be condemned without a hearing, for poor Jenny cannot make an appearance to free me, or excuse herself!"

Jenny, on being questioned by her mother, on hearing what Jenkins had said, answered her, "That if she could, she would not, but that he,

poor fellow, was more sinned against than sinning;" which observation, through the incautious and unkind behaviour of one of Jenny's fellow-servants, having got abroad, was repeated with every turn of look and gesture. Poor Jenny was now thrust out, and condemned as a shameless and brazen-faced wench, and was as bold as brass on her shame.

John Jenkins, when examined, could only stutter and stammer, and look down on his boots. All he said was, "That he hoped the Squire would be merciful to him," and then looked up to him for protection, with the simplicity and trust of a child. But mercy and protection were not sitting on the bench with Sir Hugh Laity, and John Jenkins was, with a very little investigation, in accordance with the law of the day, adjudged to pay so much a week towards the maintenance of his child, or be committed to prison. The parish stocks, beyond the indignation caused to John Jenkins, would have had no terrors for him; but to be confined in prison, debarred of his liberty, had terrors; and when he heard himself condemned, his wrath was roused, and he swore at Sir Hugh, and called Jenny hard names; that was his defence.

John Jenkins was, however, incarcerated, and friends, neighbours, and companions alike, said serve him right; and Sir Hugh had done his duty, making no distinction, and showing no favour to his own labourers.

The Court having broken up, Sir Hugh invited a brother magistrate and two other friends to dinner at the Hall; a deviation from his seclusion of late, and which was accepted as a very agreeable sign of returning hospitalities.

The party on horseback, followed by grooms, all well-mounted on fast-trotting roadsters, left for Tregarthen Hall. The evening was fine, and the views of the sea constantly appeared as the party neared the summit of hill after hill, through the undulating country which they travelled; and although familiar as they were with the scenery, yet its beauty extorted remarks from them of admiration, and formed the chief and only subject for abrupt conversation as their fast and powerful horses bore them rapidly along. On nearing the entrance of the park, which led directly up to the Hall through a magnificent avenue of lordly elms, they reined up their horses, and the lodge-keeper immediately opened wide the gate for the party to pass.

Tregarthen Hall, although presenting externally the same appearance as of old, had internally been much altered and modernized since the present Baronet had come into possession. The site of the house was chosen—whoever the architect might have been—in generations long passed away, with great discrimination. It was built on a slight eminence facing the sea, with a sloping lawn before it, which to the eye gradually faded away, and became lost in the immense park, in which were whole avenues of trees, and under which nestled the deer and game of all kinds, which were strictly preserved. The house itself was built of the stone furnished from the granite quarries of Penryn, and the main entrance was embellished with a portico, the pillars of which were constructed with the serpentine marble from the immediate vicinity. On either side were two large bow-windows, that to the right was the dining-room, that to the left being now cut in two, formed a library and a reception-room. Over the great hall with its marble staircase, with four magnificent windows overlooking a large expanse of country, varied by hill and dale, meadow and stream, and bounded by the ocean, was the drawing-room. Sir Hugh, in his retire-

ment and seclusion, maintained his household on the same scale as he did before he relinquished his hospitality in consequence of the decease of Lady Margaret. The escutcheon denoting a death in the family, which had been hung up over the front entrance, was now taken down, and the household resumed its wonted cheerfulness.

Great innovations, as well as alterations, were made when Sir Hugh married; the old customs of his father were abandoned for the more elegant and refined manners of Paris, which Sir Hugh in his youth had visited more than once, and had even penetrated by his introductions into the fashionable life of the Court. The buildings of Paris, the palace at Versailles, especially the Trianon, had charmed him; and having imbibed a taste for refinement, he abolished the old feudal dining-hall, with its family portraits, garnished with deer's horns and gear for sylvan sport, where his father and his forefathers for generations sat in state at the head of their table, groaning with barons of beef and exciting punch, entertaining, as the seasons of feast time, harvest time, and rent time came round with their wonted regularity, the squirearchy and gentlemen farmers of the neighbourhood. The elegant dining-room

was furnished with severe taste, and on its walls were hung several paintings of renowned artists. Over an elegant carved sideboard, on which was placed an antique lamp, hung a portrait, by Sir Joshua Reynolds, of Lady Margaret. On the one side was a gem by Gerald Dow, on the other a gem by Mieres, his pupil. Two masterpieces of the Dutch school, landscapes by Ruysdael and Hobbimer, faced them; with others hung with great discrimination, to show the proportions of the room, and throw the best light on these magnificent specimens of art. On the other side of the hall, as already stated, the large room was divided, that portion fronting the lawn was an elegant boudoir, or reception saloon, for Lady Margaret to receive the morning visits of her friends. That facing the back was now Sir Hugh's library, a library in reality, containing a choice collection of books arranged in oak cases, with discrimination, preventing thereby confusion. The standard works in history were arranged by themselves, also the great authors on religious subjects had an ample space allotted to them; nor were the works of elegant and light literature overlooked, for an exceedingly light and fanciful bookcase contained them in

great variety, both in prose and verse, thereby intimating that thus it should be, to be in keeping with the requirements of the more gentle sex, who were supposed to frequent it most.

The drawing-room, extending lengthways over the house, was a counterpart, or copy, of the *salons* of the French *noblesse*, and the manufactories of Sèvres and Dresden had furnished it with their treasures for embellishment.

Such was Tregarthen Hall on the day Sir Hugh Laity arrived with his party. The dinner was served in the dining-room, apparently as usual. The table had not on it the old substantial fare of roast beef, nevertheless it appeared well spread by the *recherché* epergnes and vases filled with rare flowers from the conservatory. The *cuisine* was light, and the wines of the rarest quality; very likely some of the Burgundies and clarets had been in the vaults for generations, and had been brought over by the present Baronet's progenitors in their adventurous days, when a run, as it was called, was considered anything but derogatory for a gentleman. The conversation naturally turned on the business of the day in Court, and consisted of expressions of regret that Sir Hugh should have

had to prosecute one of his own servants, and sympathy for his annoyance. But Sir Hugh, as speedily as he could with consistency, dismissed this subject, by remarking, "That life was not all sunshine, and his aim had ever been, not to aggravate its evils, but to mitigate its sorrows; and he hoped that now it was seen the laws of decorum could not be arbitrarily violated, he would soon have it in his power to manifest the merciful side of justice." With this observation, the chat over the wine was changed to the ordinary topics of the day, until coffee was served in the drawing-room. Soon after orders were given for the horses to be in readiness, and the guests departed.

CHAPTER III.

"Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more."—*Macbeth.*

The news of Jenkins's incarceration reached the quiet cottage the same evening. "Evil tidings fly on the wings of the wind." On old Kitty upbraiding her daughter, and informing her of this ill consequence of her misbehaviour, a feeling immediately sprang up between mother and daughter of suspicion, which they could not disguise from each other. Confidence now there was none. Jenny was ill and petulant; her mother full of suspicions, and ill-tempered; and so the sun went down on the little cottage. With the morning came better feelings, and old Kitty bestirred herself to nurse her daughter and her child, and to discharge the necessary duties in her cottage.

Time had left its mark on this remarkable woman; she had been a favourite servant at Tregarthen Hall, had married and been left a widow. She had led a solitary life for some time; but whether from caprice, or from the effects of solitude, she had assumed of late a singularity of costume and deportment almost necessitating the neighbours to look on her, as they were too apt to do, "as a wise woman," and one who was able, if she could be so induced, "to spae fortunes and foretell the future." This power she always disowned, and disclaimed against it with severity; nevertheless she always appeared to be pleased or flattered when she coquetted with the young people who courted her, and made her believe in their assurances that their sincere convictions were that she could, if she liked, tell them more than they knew, and of course what they wanted to know, when they visited St. Ruan's Well, and the cottage; for they were always associated together when parties or individuals extended their walks so far. This feeling was strengthened by the remains of great beauty. It was well known that at some remote period there was a Spanish ship wrecked off the coast, that some of the crew were saved, settled

in the county, and by marriage became mixed with the old Cornish race. Although old Kitty's name and family were of long standing, she was not pure Cornish, as the name Keskeys may be considered dissimilar in its root from the Celtic, and partakes more of the characteristics of the Norman French. Moreover, from her swart complexion, piercing black eyes, and once raven-black hair, with a disposition inclined to the superstitious, and a gipsy temperament, it was generally believed that she had Spanish blood in her veins. This belief old Kitty Keskeys was well aware of, and most likely it presented to her mind an irresistible temptation to assume a gipsy deportment, for she had abandoned her usual simple dress, and was often clad with a red cloak and hood, using a crooked-handled stick, and making a study that a Phillips would delight to portray on his canvas.

This woman was very popular for many miles circumadjacent. Lads and lasses, when they made up their picnics, came to St. Ruan's Well, and there partook of their junkets,—a confection, in warm weather very delicious, composed of congealed milk, covered with clouted cream, and sprinkled with nutmeg and sugar;

over this the young squabbled, and the more advanced paid their especial and delicate attentions. These junkets were prepared in the cottage by old Kitty; not so much for any little benefit accruing to her therefrom, as from a desire on the part of Sir Hugh Laity, as well as old custom, to welcome the visitant to view the estate. Many attempts had been made to prevail over old Kitty to tell a fortune, but no one was ever able to make the boast they had ever succeeded. She loved to tantalize, whereby she read character, and acquired mastery over mind.

The perturbed state of old Kitty's mind would have prevented her entertaining any visitors had they come; possibly out of delicacy they stayed away. She now, undisturbed by any intruders, and in silence, except the accustomed music of the sylvan host, took her old lipped-pitcher and repaired to St. Ruan's Well for the necessary supply of water for her cottage use. To her surprise she found the supply so scanty, from some unknown cause, that she had to place her pitcher in a very difficult position, and wait patiently for it to be filled. She sat on the lowest stone step, with her feet on the little boulders, so low was the spring; and whilst she sat with her

elbows resting on her knees, she gave vent to her spleen and to her thoughts. In broken and disjointed sentences she ejaculated, "They are a haughty race, and have carried all before them with a high hand, and now they lord it over the poor, but never like this before—never! True it is, true it will be," she said; and then taking her pitcher, which was now full, she ascended the steps, chanting a musty old proverb, which closed with a play on the word "heir" in the last line. It ran as follows:—

> "When St. Ruan shall cease to bubble,
> For Tregarthen there is trouble;
> When St. Ruan shall cease to flow,
> Tregarthen's heirs are white as snow."

Old Kitty had the belief that the present Baronet would be the last of his race, from many little incidental circumstances that had taken place, which she considered innovations. The alterations at the Hall, and the altered style of living, were to her abominations. The death of Lady Margaret's first-born, the survival of little Blanche, and, unless married, an heiress without inheritance, because without entail, were ill omens, whilst the melancholy death of Lady Margaret, and the long-sustained bereft condition of

Sir Hugh, were fearful as well as painful contemplations, which acted powerfully on the imagination of the old and faithful dependant, and especially now, as her mind was filled with doubt, and she chanted from memory the old distich. She believed that misfortune was beginning, and was about to indulge at the well-side before she lifted her pitcher, and started for her cottage, in another explosion of spleen, when her attention was arrested by the sound of a not very distant footfall. "Surely," she said, "I must know that step; I cannot be mistaken. I knew it when he was a boy, the pride of his haughty mother; it was quick then. In measured manhood I knew it, when with my lady he went to church; and, alas! I knew it when he followed her to the grave. It was firm even then; but he comes with a woe-begone look and a faltering step, as if age had set in, and lo! behold, his hat is taken off, and his hair is turning white. Ay, as white as snow!"

Old Kitty had not been mistaken in the footfall; it was as she had surmised, the Baronet; and she felt a sensation come over her which convinced her his visit had an especial purpose, and was to her.

The Baronet had indistinctly heard the familiar and musical voice of old Kitty, and gladly deviated from the straight path which led to the cottage, and followed the one which led to the old well, from whence proceeded the well-known voice of his old dependant, and where he preferred conferring with her, as this was the sole object of his walk.

The meeting at first was not cordial, nor was the manner of the owner of the well at all courteous.

"Ill-omened Sibyl," he said, approaching the well, and resting his arm on the stone rim, "what are you doing here, frightening the rooks with your old sing-saws, and why are you not at home, looking after your unfortunate daughter? Do you not know that I have been compelled to send Jenkins to prison?"

"Do I know it, Sir Hugh?" said old Kitty; "do the rooks know when to go to rest? But look you there," she said, looking down into the old well over the rim, which was about three feet high; and repeating herself, she gave vent to her passion of indignation, and fiercely, in an attitude of real but unconscious tragedy, with her finger of scorn pointing towards the old murmur-

ing well, exclaimed, with anger, "Look you there, an hour or more has this pitcher been filling, and even now it is hardly full. Oh, Sir Hugh! Sir Hugh! Shame on you! shame on you!"

"Well, and what for that, you superstitious old wizard?" said Sir Hugh; "the weather is dry, and the springs are low; besides, they have been draining the mines with steam pumping engines."

"Curses, then, on them!" she said, "new-fangled machines, to ruin the country, doing the work of mules and men!"

"Nonsense, Kitty," soothingly said Sir Hugh, endeavouring to pacify her; "nonsense, I say, we shall have more prosperity."

> "That will be, I trow,
> When St. Ruan shall cease to flow."

And then, lifting her pitcher to her head, with unconcealed disdain and contempt in her suspicious manner, so unlike her accustomed and respectful style, she was about to depart, but she was detained by Sir Hugh, who now seriously inquired after her daughter, and asked if the child was alive, and whether it was a boy, as he had been informed?

This interrogation, coupled with the peculiar manner of Sir Hugh, confirmed any doubt in old Kitty's mind that she might have had until this moment; it again roused her ire, and she was about to denounce her old master with imprecations, when he laid his hands on her shoulders, and then the force of habit, and respect for the lord of the manor was such that she was speechless. Her hands trembled, her tongue was inarticulate, but her eyes flashed fury, anger, and indignation.

The countenance of Sir Hugh lost its serenity, his conscience condemned him, and he felt he had fallen in his old dependant's esteem, and that the old feudal reverential feeling was destroyed which had existed for generations.

"I will not upbraid you," she said, "with words. I see the blush of shame, look you there; in that cottage is my daughter, once your servant, now an outcast, and there away is John Jenkins, an innocent man. Well may St. Ruan be dry, and sure and certain the day will come when your hair, turned white with remorse, will carry you down to your grave in sorrow."

Sir Hugh for the second time placed his hand on her shoulder, and asked what Jenny had said.

"Nothing, Sir Hugh Laity," said old Kitty.

"Well, then, perhaps, Kitty, the better way is for me to say nothing also. This is a great misfortune, a calamity to be deeply repented of. All that can be done, will be done."

And leaving old Kitty, Sir Hugh turned away in sorrow and in tears. His parting words were, "Be kind, Kitty, be kind to Jenny, and to the infant, and all will yet be well."

CHAPTER IV.

"Art thou a thing of mortal birth,
Whose happy home is on our earth?
Does human blood with life imbue
Those wandering veins of heavenly blue
That stray along thy forehead fair,
Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair?—
A sleeping child."—JOHN WILSON.

AMONGST the late dinner-party at Tregarthen Hall were two men held in high esteem by the whole neighbourhood—the doctor and the parson, as they were familiarly called. Dr. Fergus was a Scotchman, and had been settled in the county many years; there were reasons, doubtless, why he preferred a straggling country practice to the very opposite in any one of the great cities or towns in Great Britain. But so it was; he had travelled, was a botanist and an antiquarian; and these pursuits, with the darling one of his life—

the study of the human frame and human idiosyncrasies, made up the cycle of his existence, for he had never married, and woman's sympathies and refinements were unknown in his *cœnobitium* as he called it.

Doctor Fergus was a frequent, an honoured, and welcome visitor to most of the best families, both professionally and socially. He was known to all the little folks, his entrance was always a scene of hilarity amongst them; his verdict when once pronounced on any of their disputed points of games, or names of plants or flowers, was final. "Dr. Fergus says that flower is a japonica, and this stone an oxide of tin,"—found on the seashore, and carefully saved up because it was so remarkably heavy,—settled the matter.

Dr. Fergus knew Jenny from infancy, perhaps was the first who made her acquaintance; and, pitying her forlorn and outcast condition, was more than usually kind and tender in ministering to her necessity. Why don't such men marry, it may be asked, so full of tenderness? Well, it may be answered, if they did, their vocation would be gone, and there would be a void. They are wanted in the great wants of the human family, they are missionaries to weep with

those who weep, and laugh with those who laugh, to hear the sigh of sorrow, and see the tear fall of penitence, and pour out from their own exhaustless loving natures words of kindness and of hope.

Such an one was Dr. Fergus. He might have loved in his early youth, and might have felt its despised pangs; but if such were his early history the genial urbanity of his disposition left no traces of such a sorrow or such a disappointment. Possibly he had never more than dreamt of such a life as the married one, had never actively set about getting married, as he had seen his friends jostling and elbowing each other to obtain this desired condition. He assumed that, like his fellows, he one day would marry, but that day never came; he went on dreaming until the seed-time and spring-time of life passed away, and he found himself still dreaming of marriage, but living out his life in the pursuit of knowledge.

Dr. Fergus had just seen Jenny and her boy, and pronounced him a fine little fellow, which made the young mother smile through her tears. He restrained his customary humour; in this instance it was the hand of full employment which had the daintier sense. No doubt Dr. Fergus

possessed more of Jenny's confidence than any other person, and possibly by his counsel she was guided in maintaining that reticence, or obstinacy, concerning herself which so infuriated her mother. It was just the want of certainty which had prohibited an outburst of indignation from old Kitty on the whole Laity family, and exposing her wrongs, and their injustice, to the whole neighbourhood, to their annoyance and her ruin. Dr. Fergus had counselled right; and had this morning ingratiated the baby to his grandmother, and had comforted the down-hearted Jenny. Time, however, was doing its work; the fury of old Kitty's wrath was evaporating, she had now subsided into muttering an old distich, whilst unconsciously her affection was flowing out to the child she was nursing on her lap.

Dr. Fergus, having heard from old Kitty's lips the superstitious prediction concerning the mysterious performance of the old mysterious well at this particular time, partly in search of plants, and partly to see for himself the dried-up condition of St. Ruan, returned to St. Keverne by that way, ruminating on the mutabilities of human life, and speculating on the metaphysical

constitution of a man, when full of sorrow, and mourning for the loss of a devoted wife, with a mind furnished with food from the stores of knowledge, could so far forget himself as to sink in his own estimation and that of his fellows, by ruining a young and handsome dependant.

Here the worthy doctor's attention was drawn to a curiosity born to blush unseen, but for him, in the desert air. It at once changed the whole current of his reflections, for he became at once deep in the study of botany, and not of man. To classify this newly-discovered fern or plant, was now his object. He carefully placed it in his little tin box which he generally carried about with him, in order to preserve it until his arrival at home, where he could at his leisure place it under a powerful lens, and admire its wonderful structure, and draw his analogies between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and adore the wisdom of the Creator who had spread out the heavens as a curtain, and covered the earth as with a garment.

Homeward-bound, the doctor overtook Sir Hugh Laity. The friendly greeting over, Sir Hugh asked him whether he was coming from the cottage. He answered in the affirmative,

and said he had left the inmates more consoled. Linked arm-in-arm, they conferred with each other, for the melancholy circumstances were understood between them as they really existed, and it was arranged that the doctor was to continue his good offices. There were to be no further obstacles for the release of poor Jenkins, that was to be effected at once; and with Jenny's consent and his, an early marriage was to be brought about between them, under the most advantageous circumstances possible, and the child was to be left at the cottage, and brought up by his grandmother.

Mine host at the 'Rose and Crown' was busy, perhaps as busy as he is at fair-time; for here was the resort for news, the place of assembling when anything occurred to upset the equanimity of the rural life of the villagers. Poor Jenny's scandal had been pretty well talked out; there was nothing more to be said, that could be said. Maids and mothers, friends and acquaintances, had said their say. Jenkins, however, was still in confinement, and here was a rankling source of irritation. Had the Baronet caused a young urchin to be put in the parish stocks for a couple of hours for fighting, or robbing an orchard, little

would be thought of it. But John Jenkins was a man well known amongst them, one of themselves, and a wrestler; besides, it was believed he could and would have married Jenny had he been aware of a necessity. So some looked very knowing, and expressed it in the usual way of the village, by sly winks, fearing to give expression to their thoughts. Meanwhile mine host continued to draw his best home-brewed; and what with the sympathy for Jenkins, and an animated discussion on the disputed quantity of the last take of mackerel, he continued to be in the best of humours. Evening had set in, when unexpectedly the arrival of Mr. Bullock, the butler from the Hall, was announced; he had come down to drink a glass of good cheer, and brought with him the news taken from the last London newspaper. The arm-chair in the sanded parlour, hung with prints of hunting and shooting, and champions of the wrestling-ring, was placed now, as always, for the especial use of Mr. Bullock when he honoured the 'Rose and Crown' with his company.

Mr. Bullock was a man of importance, and more so now than ever, as coming direct from the Hall, he was supposed to know intimately

the mind of his master, and especially so with regard to the fate of John Jenkins. Bell-ringers, fishermen at home from their fishing, and farm-labourers from their work, were here assembled, gathering up scraps of news, crumbs of information; for their imaginations were alarmed at the idea of one of themselves being locked up. What had happened to Jenkins might happen to them. For to be shut up and robbed of liberty, which meant fresh air and hard work all day, with an hour or two in the evening at the 'Rose and Crown,' was, when comprehended, simply unendurable; it was, therefore, but natural that the appearance of the butler was hailed with satisfaction. Bullock was eagerly questioned. At first his answers were evasive, arising from a little display of vanity. He said "he had no news, that is, no sure news." Having excited his listeners, and astonished them on his arrival, he immediately raised their hopes in the parlour by his mysterious manner, relapsing into silence, and occupying himself by filling a pipe and composedly smoking it.

Mr. Bullock was now over-playing his part; he knew from Dr. Fergus that it would be well for him to go down to St. Keverne, and he also

knew that he was authorized to take in his hand the olive-leaf. Mr. Bullock felt that he was the man of the hour, the observed of all observers, the hope of all expectations, and he made the most and the best of his envied position. Puffing his pipe in bumptious grandeur and in silence —for the babel had ceased, and the tongues that were just now so noisy, were mute and attentive,—he at length addressed his auditory, giving them to understand that his own influence had been strenuously and successfully exercised on behalf of John Jenkins with Sir Hugh, and that although he could not say for certain, yet as he knew the trim of the Baronet, he might safely say that Jenkins would very soon "be free."

"Bravo, Mr. Bullock, your good health! A friend in need is a friend indeed! Nothing like having a friend at Court!"

These grateful manifestations were very flattering to Mr. Bullock, and he plumed himself on them accordingly, and was tempted to exceed the limits of truth and bounds of discretion, when he stated that he had even suggested to the Baronet that Jenkins, poor fellow, should be liberated at once, and that he had orders to see Dr. Fergus about it, which brought him to

St. Keverne; and he could not leave without telling his friends the good news, for Dr. Fergus had said, "Mr. Bullock," (here it must be remarked in parenthesis, he laid particular emphasis on the Mr.,) "I agree with you, the matter is all settled now, and I will get the magistrate's order for Jenkins's immediate release." Mr. Bullock pretty well knew the turn affairs was taking; he had his inward suspicions, and accurately judged the manner by which he could please Dr. Fergus best.

The guests were now uproarious, and Mr. Bullock was in a seventh heaven. Having excited his hearers to the highest pitch of enthusiasm and good-humour, he immediately took occasion to moderate their excess, by telling them that perhaps he would have to leave them; and that whilst he would regret it, he hoped they would participate in that regret also.

Mine host was the first to lead off. He was astonished at the news; he had never heard that the Baronet had tiffed it; and if he had, he would very soon make it up, for he was sure he couldn't get on without Mr. Bullock; and as for himself, he was sure he couldn't.

With this little bit of cunning flattery—for

mine host smelt a rat—the whole parlour rose to a man. Some called Sir Hugh a fool; some said, "What can Sir Hugh do without Mr. Bullock?" Others unconsciously, but more wisely, said, "What can Mr. Bullock do without Sir Hugh?"

After this burst of enthusiasm, Mr. Bullock informed them that there was a slight misunderstanding on their part. He did not mean to say that he was going to leave them for ever,—such a thought would break his heart,—but that he feared he would have to accompany his master to London and to foreign parts, as he had been informed it was the intention of Sir Hugh to leave the Hall for some time, and take little Miss Blanche with him. Mine host was very sorry to hear this, and hoped Mr. Bullock would be left behind in charge. Mr. Bullock sincerely hoped so too.

Now, it was well known to Dr. Fergus that the butler made frequent excursions to the 'Rose and Crown,' and the idea occurred to him that his services just now might be useful; he therefore gave an outline of instructions for his next visit, which explains the worthy butler's behaviour. Proceeding on his mission, he perceived the time was come, and the hour pro-

pitious to make progress, so Mr. Bullock suddenly asked mine host if he had heard the news? News, startling news, was their delight, they were ever on the look-out for it. With one voice all declared they had not.

"Very well," said Mr. Bullock; "I must remind our worthy landlord that the moon is shining, that the 'Sylvia' cutter is off the land, and that old Snarle with his cutlasses is out of reach and out of hearing; so before I begin, what do you say, men, to a dram from me of the real and fresh drawn from one of the last rundlets?"

"Oh! Mr. Bullock," mock heroically said mine host, "to speak so disrespectfully of his Majesty's preventive service," as he left the room to fetch the key which opened a glass case, or cupboard, which contained the best tea-service, all china, teapot to match, and never used. This glass case was a deception, it concealed a door which led down a ladder to the landlord's private cellar below the flooring of the parlour. He now made the usual sign by imitating the plaintive cry of the lapwing, which was chorused from within and without; and then he immediately unlocked the concealed door, and dived

below, returning in a few minutes with a rundlet of splendid cognac on his shoulder, containing about four gallons. The glass cupboard was very speedily restored to its original and innocent-looking condition; and as speedily was the rundlet tapped with a spile, with which, curiously enough, every one appeared to be supplied; for, on a demand for one, made by mine host, a dozen were forthcoming; but as he selected one from his own capacious pocket, the inference is that his request was prompted more by curiosity than by necessity. For a considerable time there were great incomings and outgoings. Keen eyes from outside were on the alert; it became known amongst them that a tub was broached at the 'Rose and Crown,' and that Mr. Bullock was there. Watch on watch, turn by turn, all partook, and soon the keg was empty, and rolled away into the yard, to be immediately broken up. Mr. Bullock drank his tumbler with the rest, but with moderation, and for the pleasure of excitement; for he had nothing to interest him at the Hall, it was very quiet there, and every day alike; and as he had no resources in himself, for the sake of change and relaxation, he condescended, as he imagined, to mix with these familiar spirits.

Under the influence of impatient excitement, Mr. Bullock informed them now that he knew that Dr. Fergus had asked Sir Hugh to become the president of a grand wrestling match which he intended to get up for Jenkins' sake, and that he had consented, and subscribed handsomely, and that it was to be a West Cornwall match only.

The intention to divert their minds was, as the doctor fully expected, a success. Conversation began at once with their cherished subject. Comparisons were made between celebrated wrestlers, and great interest was immediately excited regarding the issue of the expected contest between Kneebone, a man of extraordinary strength, and Jenkins, between whom there was jealousy and rivalry.

Drink had at last made its potential inroads, and overcame most of the company. Mr. Bullock having fulfilled his task, and spent a very pleasant evening, was driven home in a dog-cart. Gradually the company disappeared, until at last mine host was left alone, and the 'Rose and Crown' was closed for the night. In tranquillity the village slept, whilst the pale moon was shining serenely on old St. Keverne's Tower,

casting its midnight shadows over the tombs in the old churchyard, and through the leafy branches of the old trees, wan with age.

The routine occupations of the little world having been resumed, time passed quickly away, finding Jenkins not only liberated from his confinement, but restored to his work. He was sincerely congratulated on his reappearance amongst his friends, especially as he would have much to do with the anticipated wrestling-match. Some of his indiscreet companions expressed an opinion that it was to be got up on his behalf, but this flattery and cajolery had no effect on his taciturnity, nor could any amount of taunting extort from him an angry word against Sir Hugh, and before him no one dared to mention Jenny's misfortune. It soon, however, became known that the cottage was under the protection of Tregarthen. Example became contagious, and Jenny was again at St. Keverne, and amongst her neighbours, but without her ringing laugh and sparkling wit. She was, however, about to become an honest woman, as it was called, and her fault was condoned, and fully so when the minister in fatherly tones was heard to call the banns of marriage in accordance with the ritual

of the church, "between Jenifer Keskeys and John Jenkins, spinster and bachelor, both of this parish."

Custom had made a christening, when it occurred, an occasion for feasting, and great ceremony was used, both with the poor as well as the rich, to have the font filled with the water from St. Ruan's Well, as propitiating fortune's favours on the infants. The ancient custom in the christening of Jenny's baby was not allowed to fall into disuse. Old Kitty was now as energetic in celebrating all the usual formalities on behalf of the little child thus cast upon her care, as if he bore the name of his father; and at the appointed day she, with her daughter and her infant, came to St. Keverne, and there the kindly pastor blessed the child, and incorporated it in the church by baptism. Immediately after, Jenny and John Jenkins were united in the bonds of wedlock, and honoured with a merry peal from the old belfry.

Doctor Fergus was very interested, his unseen hand had been at work; he had now completed a task he had set his heart on, and now he was determined to finish it with a grand display of holiday-making.

The boats were in from fishing, and their flags were flying; the weather was delicious, and the village musicians were at work, as well as the tap of mine host of the 'Rose and Crown.' Many of the domestics from the Hall, Jenny's old companions, were on the village green, and to the music from pipe and tabor they danced right merrily to the enlivening strains of the dance-music then in vogue amongst them; whilst the staid matrons and the weather-beaten visaged fishermen were to be seen sitting on the benches, encouraging the shy and applauding the skilful. Mine host, in his clean white apron, was in his glory, for he had received instructions to be very liberal, as it was Sir Hugh Laity's intention to bear the whole expense of this holiday. Dr. Fergus was present, the friend of all, with his sly wit and pungent jokes. The minister and his family gracefully passed through the village throng, and sat on an especial bench for awhile, receiving the praises of the young and old. But when Sir Hugh Laity's carriage unexpectedly appeared, and he was seen to step out of it, accompanied by little Blanche, all restraint was at an end, and all irritation vanished as a dew-drop before the blaze of the noonday

LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

sun. When he approached them, leading his lovely little daughter, his dignified bearing, his calm deportment, as lord of the manor, the friend and protector of all, arrested general attention; and when he spoke kindly words in gentle and tender tones, the effect was irresistible, and one ringing cheer for Sir Hugh rent the air, and sent its echo far out to sea.

This was happiness, all came in for a kind word or a nod of recognition; little Blanche was abandoned to the caresses of the women, and sweetly did she receive them. Old Kitty was there with her nursling, not unseen nor neglected. This was a day to be remembered, especially by the newly-wedded pair, for on their arrival at their new home, they found it, to their astonishment, an abode, for accommodation and comfort, far exceeding their wildest dreams. Both husband and wife took possession full of hope and contentment, happy in each other after such distressing circumstances, which to all appearances had at one time made shipwreck for ever of their hopes.

Old Kitty departed from the scene of merriment with her little charge, well knowing he would be cared for, and speculating in her in-

most mind what would be the future of this boy if he lived, christened this day Merlin, and named Tregarthen, after the estate on which he was born.

The sun was beginning to decline on the western hills and over the great sea. In majestic splendour evening shadows were climbing up every undulating steep, darkening the valleys below, where the young shepherds were driving their fleecy flocks to the fold; and over moor and marsh, where the wild birds were screaming their good-night, as they winged their way to their resting-places. The quality had all gone, mine host's tap was nearly empty, tabor and pipe were tired, and one after another the villagers disappeared with the day, to take their rest and sleep through the still hours of night.

Dr. Fergus, the life and soul of St. Keverne, on the principle of war tactics, believing it unwise to press success too far, and unsafe to follow an enemy any great distance in his own country, determined to put an end for this year to the contemplated wrestling-match, and with good reason, for Sir Hugh had told him that he had determined to winter in Paris, and take little Blanche with him.

This announcement was a disappointment to St. Keverne in general, and to Dr. Fergus in particular, as he enjoyed the society of Sir Hugh, and relished his keen observations and extensive information, which caused conversation to flow between them like a river, and the hours of fellowship to pass swiftly away. Nevertheless it was so determined, and Dr. Fergus made this the excuse for abandoning the idea of having a wrestling-match; and being a Shakspearian, he said, "The absence of Sir Hugh would be like playing Hamlet, with that noted character left out;" which he further explained, "was like a day without a sun;" but which was more fully understood when he said, "It was like smuggling, if there were no revenue-cutters."

CHAPTER V.

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, tripping on the tongue."—*Hamlet.*

A PERIOD of some fourteen years has passed away since the incidents in the preceding chapters occurred. Sir Hugh Laity had benefited by his long absence from home, living, as he did, partly in London and partly in Paris, where his daughter Blanche resided to complete her education. Again interested in the occupations of his native county, and well satisfied with the improvement his daughter was making, he was solaced by the belief that soon she would be able to take her position in the Hall, and fill up the gap which had so long been open by the decease of his wife.

Mr. Trevernen, or Squire Trevernen, with his wife—sister of Sir Hugh Laity,—and two chil-

dren, a boy and girl, now grown up, and christened respectively Evered and Helen, reside at Lamorna House, near the town of Pendeen, a few miles from St. Keverne. The Squire, as he was commonly called, was, in addition to being the possessor of a small estate (the inheritance of his wife), a merchant; and therefore his connections were more extended than his brother-in-law's, Sir Hugh, whose friends were exclusively old landed proprietors. Business with Mr. Trevernen prospered; his fishing and mining enterprises, conducted with sagacity, brought him in money, and enabled him to live in great comfort, if not in the style of Tregarthen Hall. There had been jealousies between the two families in days past, as Mrs. Trevernen inherited the Laity family's idiosyncrasies, whilst her husband was content to settle down and make money by his business; using, however, the Tregarthen influence in every way he could to promote his adventures, and assist him in obtaining that position he was ambitious of obtaining amidst his competitors in trade, who were more desirous of amassing money than ambitious of social distinction. Mr. Trevernen was regular and assiduous in his business pursuits, and was in consequence much respected.

His son Evered had now grown up a fine, intelligent boy, and was at the grammar-school of Pendeen finishing his education before going to college. At this school was young Merlin Tregarthen; the two youths were in the same form, and competitors for the same prizes.

Even at this early age there existed a mutual dislike of each other, and the head master had again and again to exercise his authority to prevent their quarrelling, and impose long tasks as punishment for their disobedience. It was no uncommon thing for these two boys, when at games in their little commonwealth, to single each other out without any apparent cause, without any quarrel, and fight desperately, merely from aversion of each other.

They were about the same age, about the same size, and each in possession of the same family characteristics. Jeering taunts were constantly cast by young Evered Trevernen at Merlin's home being old Kitty Keskeys' cottage on his uncle's estate, and that he was a nobody, and so he would find out one day. These provoking sneers and jibes always incensed Merlin, but being unable to retaliate, he would fight savagely, his only defence against his more favoured enemy.

Once, and once only, they made common cause. Their hatred of each other was known throughout the school, and they consequently formed two divisions in their games; perhaps the Rev. Dr. Birch—when he got clear of his Greek particles, and could open his mouth like a man of common sense, and answer his wife when she told him that these two boys must not remain any longer in the same form, that they have been fighting again—could give her, if he chose, a reason of his own for this inveterate hatred, on other than philosophic grounds; but whatever might have been the hope of their schoolfellows that at last they would become fast friends, was soon dissipated, for immediately after an occasion passed for their fraternizing, which was on St. Peter's Eve, a day of licence with the work-people to blacken the faces of all passengers who ventured out, as well as an opportunity to attack the school boys, who would invariably break rules, and pace the causeway in little groups, thus provoking a conflict, they became as inveterate towards each other as ever.

On this occasion there were two groups of schoolboys, Merlin Tregarthen included in the one, and Evered Trevernen in the other; both groups paraded the town expecting an attack, and well pre-

pared for defence. In their expectations they were not disappointed, for suddenly Merlin and his companions were pounced upon; Evered seeing this from the opposite end of the street, shouted to his companions, and rushed onwards to the rescue. The two boys, animated by the same spirit in maintaining the honour of the school in passing scathless through the town, united their forces, and beat off triumphantly their assailants. Mutual congratulations ensued between the two divisions; as usual the fighters were silent and the cowards were loquacious. Merlin, however, praised Evered, the leader of his party, for his skill, and admitted that but for him, he would have been worsted, and the school would have lost its prestige and renown. Evered as gallantly expressed himself by saying, "that Merlin was outnumbered and that when his party came up, they were then only equally matched."

This display of good feeling was made the most of; it was duly reported to head-quarters, and instead of the regular lecture on their impropriety, and a threat to take away their next Saturday half-holiday, the worthy pedagogue, skilled in book learning but ignorant of human nature, although a crony of Doctor Fergus, gave them a

homily on friendship and endurance, which was oddly illustrated by the combats taken from Homer's Odyssey and Virgil's Æneid. Having accomplished this, he dismissed his school to their evening studies, confident in the success of his endeavour to make the two youths friends, and then retired to his study, where he became dead to the active world around him, but living in the Olympiads of ancient history.

The two boys, however, had mature intelligence enough to understand the speciality of the homily, and knew full well that whilst it was addressed to the school in general, it was pointed at them in particular. This had the effect of exciting their curiosity, and each felt there was an inexplicable link of connection between them which ought to act for their mutual good, as it did on St. Peter's Eve, but which had hitherto been just the reverse; instead of attraction there was repulsion, and although fighting had now ceased between them, still the old enmity existed, and was now more firmly seated in their bosoms than ever, and appeared ineradicable when they left school to enter on the second stage of their career in life, and smouldering ready to burst out again in rivalry and hatred, should they cross each other's path.

Pendeen had been of late all excitement at the success of their newly opened Scientific Institution.

To Dr. Fergus was Pendeen indebted for it; he had created the want, and now, to his gratification, he had satisfied it. He was, however, full of anxiety, as he had great difficulty in providing lecturers. Having taken an interest in Evered Trevernen, and noticed the lad's assurance, he persuaded him to give a lecture, young as he was, and only just left school. Doctor Fergus had not much need of persuasion, his promises of assistance were not required; so forward was Evered that the worthy Doctor had to check his enthusiasm, and exact promises from him of good behaviour. Dr. Fergus insisted on choosing the subject, which was Ornithology, a subject which would embrace geography and natural history; what Evered's selection would have been it is not easy to say; he was a wilful, strong-headed, but intelligent boy, as the Doctor had found out. There was, however, another reason for the Doctor's choice; he was preparing a popular lecture on Botany, and this would be an appropriate introduction. Evered, however, like many an aspirant, when he came to work at his lecture,

very soon made the unpleasant discovery that there were a great many things he did not know, the doctor's plough had broken up the fallow ground, and now he was only too glad to avail of the proffered help he had in his self-sufficiency spurned. The Doctor was waiting to receive him at St. Keverne; he knew he must come, he knew also that he must be humbled. Evered was now unconsciously a pupil of his, and at St. Keverne his eyes were opened to the wonders of this section of the Great Creator's wisdom in his works. The Doctor became delighted as the boy's curiosity became excited, and his young and ardent enthusiasm aroused when he became acquainted with facts in the organization of birds, their habits adapted to the locality of their existence, their cause and mode of flight, and a dim and imperfect conception that there was law reigning everywhere. Doctor Birch had taught Evered to construe, but he had never told him how it came about that the martins he had seen from childhood skirting the waves could fly, what wondrous machines were produced, and what wondrous effects were the results. Dr. Fergus had done so, and had brought tears of joy into the placid mother's eye when she beheld her son, returned

from St. Keverne, laden with stuffed specimens to illustrate his lecture, and full of talk as new and wonderful to her as it had been to her son a short time ago.

Mr. Trevernen was a business man, and withal a prudent one, and had his doubts on the propriety of his son attempting to address an audience at his early age; he was quite aware that Dr. Fergus was the instigator of this escapade, as he termed it, and he resolved therefore to exercise a parent's rights, and confer with him before it was too late. He did so on the following morning, intending at the same time to pay a visit to Tregarthen Hall, as he would necessarily be in the immediate vicinity, on his way to St. Keverne. On his arrival there, to his surprise, he saw young Merlen just going away, radiant with smiles, and Sir Hugh Laity himself parting from him with a great display of kindness at the grand entrance, evidently under the impression that he was unseen.

There should have been nothing to excite attention in this act of Sir Hugh Laity; he was an accomplished man of manners, and would, if he were going to leave his house for a walk, as soon accompany any young aspirant for his favours to his door, as any one of his more intimate friends.

It was not, then, this courteous act that caused a sudden and momentary embarrassment with Sir Hugh when he saw his brother-in-law appear so suddenly, but rather a consciousness that he had betrayed himself, and had allowed his feelings to have vent and expression, when the lively boy full of mirth and spirits, smiling with gladness thanked him, and when he lifted his hand from his head and left him free to bound homewards with the fleetness of the forest deer. The brothers' meeting was cordial, Sir Hugh asking the Squire to dismount, but he declined, stating that he was going to St. Keverne to see Dr. Fergus, and that now having said "How do you do?" he would ride on. Sir Hugh however detained him, and walked down the avenue by the side of Mr. Trevernen's horse, occasionally laying his hand on its shoulder when he walked too fast for convenient conversation. Sir Hugh expressed himself pleased at the information he had received respecting Evered, and he hoped and believed that under the guidance of Dr. Fergus, he would acquit himself very creditably. Having expressed an interest in one lad, he took occasion to express his interest in another, and make as natural as possible the little scene his brother-in-law had just witnessed. Sir Hugh said,

"I have been interesting myself for the lad you just saw bounding away. I was pleased at the expression of pleasure the boy evinced when I told him I had obtained for him an appointment as midshipman, through the kindness of an old friend. I believe it is the best thing I can do for him; he has been carefully brought up by his grandmother, and hitherto has been a good boy. I hope and think he will do well."

Mr. Trevernen, after he had parted from his brother-in-law, mused on what he had just seen, and was particularly struck with the confusion of Sir Hugh, and his evident desire to counteract any impression of too great kindness for the boy, by his remarks on the pleasure of benevolence.

It is strange, thought Mr. Trevernen, what a Laity expression that boy has, and what a supernatural dislike Evered has for him.

Having arrived at St. Keverne, he was soon within the Doctor's cœnobitium, and speedily had all his fears dissipated regarding his son's competency and success.

"I'll be responsible for him," said Dr. Fergus, "and be sure you are present with all your household, and we shall have a very agreeable and gratifying evening."

Mr. Trevernen now mentioned his call at Tregarthen Hall, and Sir Hugh's excessive kindness as he termed it, to the boy Merlin; "who, by the way, Doctor," he said, "has appropriated the name of my brother-in-law's estate. I have never mentioned it before, but I do now; not in complaint, but I think it impolitic and very imprudent."

"Indeed!" said Dr. Fergus rather sarcastically; "but I presume you must have been aware of this for many years past, unless you have been sleeping and unconscious of everything that goes on around you, being absorbed, I suppose, in absorbing profits. Eh, Mr. Trevernen! but anyhow," continued the Doctor, "Merlin Tregarthen is a good lad, and has a very good name to begin the world with, all things considered."

"I was very much struck," said Mr. Trevernen, "with the expression of countenance the boy bore to the Laity family, when I saw him just now leaving the Hall. Sir Hugh told me he is to be a midshipman."

"So I hear," said Dr. Fergus, disregarding the former part of the sentence; "and very kind it is of Sir Hugh to interest himself in the boy's welfare."

Mr. Trevernen perceiving that Dr. Fergus had nothing to communicate to him concerning the boy's antecedents, and being persuaded that his Evered would shine in his lecture and become eminent, he parted from the Doctor and trotted homewards, surmising all the way.

The evening at length arrived for young Evered Trevernen to make his first appearance in public, and consequently all was excitement at Lamorna House. Dr. Fergus was there giving his last instructions, and arguing down all opposition from Mrs. Trevernon, who begged to be excused from being present. "Nonsense!" a favourite word with the Doctor, "Nonsense, my dear Madam, you will go," and Mrs. Trevernen was present when her Evered made his sortie from the schoolroom, under the enthusiastic auspices of Dr. Fergus, whose hobby at this time was institutions.

Much gratification was afforded to the Trevernen family by the sudden and unexpected appearance of Sir Hugh Laity. Any other lad might have been disconcerted, not so Evered; he interpreted his uncle's arrival as complimentary to himself, and proceeded with his lecture with undisguised feelings of self-esteem; nor was he

undeceived until he discovered there was a conference altogether irrespective of him, which was afterwards held to make the final arrangements for the great hurling-match between the eastern and western hurlers of the county.

CHAPTER VI.

"At this he hurled his huge limbs out of bed."—*Enid.*
TENNYSON.

THE climate of Cornwall is exceedingly beautiful, especially so in dry seasons; and as the weather was all that could be desired, there were great expectations that the great hurling-match would be more than ordinarily exciting.

Pendeen and adjacent places were at fever-heat. Sir Hugh Laity had joined the Committee, and became chairman. The day was announced, the usual conditions proclaimed, and the old silver ball, kept with the Pendeen Corporation plate for ages, had been delivered up to Sir Hugh Laity, of Tregarthen Hall.

Monaccan village, St. Keverne, Ruan Minor, were frantic with delight. Nothing was talked of but the hurling-match, and who would come

from the East to be matched against the Keskeys, the Leleans, and Tregullians. Mine host of the 'Rose and Crown' was in his glory, and his house was besieged from morn to night. Mr. Bullock had been down to St. Keverne from the Hall, and announced that Sir Hugh had come back from Pendeen, and brought the hurling-ball with him in his pocket. Jenkins had followed Mr. Bullock; modest, yet exulting in conscious strength, for he was selected to represent Tregarthen estate at the match. Mine host had him, in the twinkling of an eye, in the bar-parlour, where he was surrounded by fishermen, miners, and smugglers, all of whom passed their comments on him, and were satisfied that Sir Hugh had selected the best man to lead Tregarthen and St. Keverne. Strong drink was consumed by these powerful men, accustomed to the sea in all weather, without any regard to quantity or government restrictions; it was the stimulant of their lives, they consumed it freely, and became fierce, arrogant, and conceited under its influence. The elders of the assembled guests appeared only privileged to talk; for the younger men, when present, were silent, and came in and listened for a short while, and then went out;

their object being to get the opinions and the information of their elders, for discussion between themselves and their neighbours at the Coves, or by the sides of their boats lying high and dry on the yellow sand.

Jenkins was instructed by old hurlers; the bounds were as formerly, and of course approved of; the peculiarities of men who were to engage were discussed; some were left-hand hurlers, but could hurl as dexterously with their right, and thus make erratic the course the ball would take in its flight; others would apparently hurl with great force, but check the ball in its flight, and cause it to fall for a brother hurler to catch, who would be placed in an advantageous position for hurling well forward; others, again, had been in practice, and were able to hurl such and such a distance, which, if not guarded against, would be attended with serious consequences. Some would hurl high, some low, some invariably stopped to hurl, whilst others could do so on the bound. The nature of the country between the two parish churches, that is, from goal to goal, was discussed; every hill and every dale, every brake and every rivulet were called to mind, each spot associated in the minds of these stalwart men with struggles and contests in bygone days.

Young Merlin Tregarthen, who was a great favourite with Jenkins, and who often visited Jenny, and received from her motherly affection in disguise, mingled with respect—for he was called Master Merlin—was there, listening to the conversation of these daring men, fascinated with them, and unconsciously receiving from them that disposition for bravery which so characterized him in his future life. Merlin was well known to all of them, and had often been with them fishing, and had become as expert in handling a boat in a sea, as any of the daring youths of the Coves, who had become so not from choice, but from necessity. Young Merlin had never been with them when they made a run. Jenkins had, he knew that right well; and when out with him on the Tregarthen estate, shooting a rabbit, had coaxed him to let him go with him. Merlin, as a great favour, was promised to be taken one day. The boy was a favourite, there was a kind of sympathy for him, and a belief that Sir Hugh had a peculiar interest in him, and that one day he would be the master of his broad acres; moreover, he had a fine physique, and a sunny temper. Merlin then was listening with avidity, nestling, as it were, under the shadow of Jenkins. He was

modest, and had not interrupted the flow of conversation; but never having seen a hurling-match, he was anxious to be informed about it, as he secretly intended to be present, for he knew the Trevernens would be there, and he judged Evered would be there also, and possibly might be included in his father's section. Bashfully intimating that he would like to know how the match was conducted, the whole of these men, as one man, stopped their argument, and volunteered to tell him. Merlin was informed that it was a very ancient game, and the names of ancient celebrated hurlers were mentioned, and their memories drunk. This honour having been paid, Merlin learnt that a silver ball, about the size of a small cocoa-nut, engraved with the Cornish arms, the "Fifteen Balls," with the motto "One and All" on each hemisphere, and the equator-line marked by the word "Cornubia," was used for the purpose of being hurled from one parish church to another, and for which a goal was provided by an incision in one of the stones in the church towers. The game might be played between two parishes, or on a more extended scale, by the eastern pitted against the western men of the county.

In that case two parishes are selected, as in the contest now approaching, when St. Keverne would be the goal for the men of the East, and Ludgeon for the men of the West. None were to engage in the contest but those who were selected by the two factions, and an equal number were to be engaged, and the length and breadth of the bounds were defined midway, and at the junction of the two parishes, if possible. The ball was set in motion by being hurled perpendicularly into the air; the combatants then rushed forward to catch it, and by successive hurls, or throws, to land it in the goal.

Merlin, now understanding the game, was about to leave with Jenkins, to see him training for the match; but Mr. Bullock, having caught the infection of the place, to the delight of all produced the ball, which he had taken from off Sir Hugh's sideboard, and brought down to St. Keverne in his pocket. It went the round, was handled with veneration. At last the old man, mine host's father, waking up at the sight of it, held it in his trembling and enfeebled hands, gazed on it with childish simplicity, muttering incoherent and discordant memories.

"Do you mind it, father?" bawled mine host into the senile ear.

"Do I mind it? well! well! Eighty year agone I hurled it, when the Killigrews were out, and their old church to the memory of 'Charles the Martyr' was the goal. When old John Arundel was there; who, with eighty-three loyal and true Cornishmen fought the Cromwellers, and preserved the old castles of Pendeen and Raglan. I was a boy then, but I mind it well."

"Were the Laitys there, father?" coaxingly asked mine host.

"Were the Laitys there, did you ask?" echoed the old man; "be sure they were. I held old Lady Margaret's palfrey when she stopped to point out old Sir Hugh and old Squire Trevernen in the great match. When—"

"When, father, when?" said the son.

For now the strength of the old man failed, his associations became clouded, and he muttered incoherent sentences of his prowess in days long gone by whilst gazing on the silver ball he convulsively clutched in his death-grasp, and which he had in other days hurled so well. The silver cord was now loosed, and the golden bowl was broken, for the head had dropped upon the old man's breast, and the silver ball was taken from the hand that grasped it unto death. The

event was a release, and the cause of the departure of the party. Bullock, on his return to Tregarthen Hall, told Sir Hugh what had happened, and in due time, with every respect paid to his remains, the old man slept with his fathers in the old churchyard of St. Keverne.

The evening before the great day for the hurling match was beautifully fine, and there was every prognostication of fine weather on the following day. The Eastern hurlers had arrived, and Pendeen was full of bustle. Dr. Fergus was at Lamorna House, having attended the Committee, and seen that every arrangement was completed. He had visited the temporary abodes of the Eastern men, and seen that they were provided with accommodation, and his last act was to advise good temper amongst the men, or followers of the landed proprietors, who would of necessity play an active, if not the chief parts, in the coming match.

The sun rose majestically on the eventful morning, dissipating the early dew, and the whole of West Cornwall was astir betimes. A lovely and refreshing breeze sprang up, and the day was all that could be desired. The men with their dif-

ferent badges distinctive of their respective factions, were assembling in the neighbourhood; groups, either of spectators or hurlers, were passing to and fro, receiving from their friends their last injunctions and advice, and girding up their loins preparatory for extraordinary exertion. Pedestrian spectators were busy canvassing their friends who were fortunate enough to possess carriages of any and every sort, to be included in their party. Provisions, of which the Cornish pasty constituted a necessity, and perhaps the chief kind of refreshment, with ale and porter in bottles, jars and casks, were being packed away by the holiday-makers in their various vehicles, from donkey-carts to farm waggons, with forms for seats in them, on which were farmers with their families and friends, all in hilarious spirits and excitement, to view the contest. Many were partisans, and hoisted the faction-badge in flags of the faction they espoused. Others, again, belonging to a superior grade of society, were mounted on horseback, the ladies chiefly riding behind their husbands on pillions, the custom of the day. The town of Pendeen, with every village near to it, with their visitors, poured out their population, and from east and west, with high and low, rich

and poor, they might be compared on a small scale, to the great sacred narrative of the departure of the children of Israel from their Egyptian bondage.

The sun was now high in the heavens, the appointed hour had arrived, and Sir Hugh Laity's equipages, with their party from Tregarthen Hall, were seen rapidly trotting on their way to an old cairn, the place appointed from whence the ball was to be started on its exciting career. A booth was erected for the Committee. On Sir Hugh Laity's arrival a loud burst of applause rent the air. He gracefully bowed, and, as if by magic, the combatants arranged themselves in position; the Eastern men in rank on the eastern, and the Western men on the western side of the old cairn; whilst some of the hurlers who had acquired renown, and from whom much was expected, stood a little in front, like officers before the rank and file,—perhaps from inadvertency, or from impatient eagerness to be the first to seize the ball, and hurl it away towards their goal; or, what is most likely to have been the case, from custom, to receive the applause of admiring spectators, as they were recognized by them. Jenkins, who on his arrival with Sir Hugh, had gone

into the tent, now came out to take his position, and received his recognition with modesty.

It was always a coveted honour to hold the ball, and hurl it in mid air when the signal was given. Some youth of distinction was generally chosen, but not until a few moments before the minute arrived; it being considered unseemly to give attention to so small a matter. There was reason for it, for an underhand contest went on between the youths who were likely to be selected, consequently they were constantly practising the art of hurling, and attaining perfection in the power of hurling a ball vertically in the air, so that on its coming to the ground, it should not favour one faction more than another. On this occasion youths of the gentry, for an hour before the commencement, were to be seen with balls, throwing them perpendicularly in the air, and endeavouring to attract the attention of any members of the Committee who might be standing by. Among these youths were two, both practising, and winning applause from the spectators. Merlin Tregarthen was there, displaying much skill, and many exclaimed, "That's Jenkins' style, that's Jenkins' throw! I should know it anywhere; the boy has been well taught."

Evered Trevernen was there, also displaying his skill, and received his share of well-merited applause, and many exclaimed, "That's his father's hurl, the world over!" Sir Hugh at last stepped out of the tent, and beckoned to Evered, who immediately bounded forward. It was now known he was the selected youth, and amidst vociferous cheering, he gracefully received the silver ball from his uncle, and took his position, waiting for the signal.

The signal was now given, and apparently, without effort, he threw the glistening ball perpendicularly to a great height. For a second it quivered, with ten thousand eyes fixed on it, before it lost its impelling power, and began to descend; then, on its nearing the ground within a foot where the boy stood, with a shout fierce enough to rend the rocks, the contending factions rushed to meet it. Polgreen, a stalwart Eastern man, leaped high in air, and caught the ball, and with a whoop, hurled it eastward. The flood-streams of men now commingled, and rushed wildly after it. Horses galloped, vehicles rolled away, and high and low, on foot and on horse, together sprang after it. Argyll, another Eastern man, caught the ball with a well-judged

spring, and sent it onwards again. Jenkins dashed to the front with superhuman effort, but the Eastern men maintained their lead, passing in ever-thinning groups Rosemullion Point, the extreme boundary seaward, from whence it was again hurled towards Goonhilly Downs. The Eastern men were now nearing their goal at St. Keverne; but here the tide of success was stayed. Squire Trevernen, with Jenkins, headed a party; and having flanked the eastern position, and before Polgreen had time to deviate the direction of his hurl, the Squire intersected it, and caught the ball on its descending to earth, amidst frantic shouts. Jenkins, anticipating success, was ready, and received the ball from the Squire's hurl, and sent it homewards with a magnificent spirt. The ball was now with the Western men, following the spectators who had gone before, and who had placed themselves on Cairn Galva, a commanding position, to view the contest. Here for a brief period, by common consent, was a halt, as the pace had been terrific, and friends rushed forward with stimulants for friends. Again the ball was hurled forth. Near this cairn is "Lanyon Quoit," an ancient cromlech, or stone slab, resting on three stones, about forty feet long and

twelve wide. During the momentary respite Merlin Tregarthen, who had followed in the rear of the hurlers, vainly attempting to get to the front, conceived the idea of stealthily slipping away, and concealing himself underneath the ancient cromlech, anticipating the ball might be hurled by or near to this spot, and from whence he might spring out and obtain a hurl, a great and coveted distinction; he did so, and his sagacity was rewarded, for the spent ball fetched up to the cromlech, but fell short of altitude enough to fall on the other or western side, where the hurlers were in squadrons waiting to receive it. With an eagle eye, and breathless with anxiety, Merlin sprang out and caught the ball, and in exultation was about to shout to Jenkins to attract his attention, so that he might hurl it westwards, when his efforts were arrested by Evered Trevernon, who had conceived the same idea, and lay in wait for a chance; and who, maddened with jealousy, and enraged with vexation, lost all discretion, and risked the success of the match by snatching the ball from Merlin, and hurling it himself, which he did clumsily under these circumstances. The ball was, however, caught by Penhale, and hurled

onwards to Squire Trevernen. Jenkins had heard Merlin's shout, and expected the ball, and was surprised and disheartened that Merlin should, after his training, lose his presence of mind. But in another moment the mystery was explained, for he beheld with agony the two boys engaged in a deadly encounter; and if either had the power, the death of one or both would have been the consequence. Jenkins now sprang back, quivering in his strength, and separated these antagonists, crying out "Shame on you, shame on you. You have lost the match!" and holding one in each hand, he gasped for breath. Merlin was about to speak, but Evered scowled deadly hatred and defiance; then Jenkins hurled him from him, and sprang forward with Merlin under his protection, and regained his position in the throng.

Many of the Eastern men had fallen out, and none but the most celebrated maintained the contest. The spectators now had increased, and horses and men were wild with excitement. They had now fetched homewards as far as Buryan; the hope of winning went through the Western hurlers like an electric shock, animating them as one man for one more desperate effort; and if

successful, their goal at Ludgeon would be reached.

Argyll and others were here, they had repeated the successful manœuvre of Squire Trevernen in the early part of the day, and waited with trembling anxiety the moment when they might have a chance of securing the ball; but in this they were foiled, for Jenkins, knowing the ground, anticipated their movement, and with a superhuman jump secured the ball before it came within their reach, and hurled it with such tremendous force that it fell within the confines of the bounds.

The Committee had shifted their quarters, and were now surrounding the old church with the excited spectators, who were formed in line for a considerable distance, leaving a pathway up to the Tower. Eager were the looks of the crowd straining their bodies in every direction as they heard the rush of men becoming nearer and nearer; and breathless with excitement they watched for the ball. At last it was seen hurling through the air, and falling within the limit of the bounds, where a young athlete was placed who caught it amidst shrieks of delight, and ran with lightning speed up the pathway lined with men

and women, boys and maidens, and gave it into the trembling hands of the old parish clerk, who deposited it in the goal.

The sun was beginning to decline over the western hills, the exciting match was over without accident or ill-feeling engendered, Sir Hugh had made his speech and handed the ball back to his worship the Mayor for safe custody with the Corporation plate of Pendeen. The Committee broke up, the old clerk was seated in the arm-chair at the Tregarthen Arms, at Ludgeon Church Town, where excited and fatigued hurlers of both factions were constantly going in and out exchanging kindly greetings, and discussing with animation many stirring incidents which occurred in the match. Great was the onslaught on the Cornish pasties and provisions of every kind, for the time had now come for the masses to refresh themselves, by taking care, as they called it, of the inner man. Good nature prevailed, almost everything was in common; group vied with group in pressing any who were unprovided with refreshment to join their party, most were known to each other, until at last old Ludgeon Church Town was the scene of a very large picnic party. The more sedate and those who had distances to

go, were at last seen in their vehicles disappearing down the hills on either side. Sir Hugh Laity's equipage, the Trevernens', and others were crowding the road; all homeward bent, thinning the once vast multitude. Pedestrians were trudging along, weary and footsore after their day's running and walking, as the sun was sinking below the horizon in golden splendour over the glorious sea, and evening was fast setting in. The Tregarthen Arms was emptied of all except a few topers, and those who lived in the immediate neighbourhood, including the old clerk, who still maintained his seat in the arm-chair, very nearly overcome with sleep and beer, and perhaps a little drop of moonshine. Night at last came, and all was silent.

The Trevernens entertained a large dinner party, and the hospitality of Lamorna House was all that could be desired to meet the ideas of the inhabitants of Pendeen, who were very sensitive; indeed, there were parties this evening everywhere in Pendeen, old broken friendships were renewed, new friendships were formed, invitations for visits were given and accepted, love vows were exchanged and love tokens given and received. Pendeen was a seventh heaven until the sun

came again in sight, rising higher and higher in the heavens, dispelling the darkness of night, proclaiming to the wearied dancers in the ball-room, and joyous revellers of all degrees, that the night was gone, the day was come, and the revels were ended.

Sir Hugh Laity's party, including Dr. Fergus, were driven home to Tregarthen Hall. The Doctor on their way congratulated Sir Hugh on the day's success, and asked him if he was aware of the occurrence at Lanyon Quoit; Sir Hugh answered he was perfectly aware of it from Jenkins, who separated the boys, and intimated that it was his intention to inquire into the cause of this outburst of angry feeling; he then changed the subject, and discoursed with his guests. Tregarthen Hall entertained a select company of the nobility. The dinner was served in the French fashion of the day, and was as elegant as a cook instructed in French cookery could make it. Weariness after the fatigues of the day caused the party to retire rather early to the drawing-room, where coffee was served, and soon Tregarthen Hall was wrapt in sleep. Merlin accompanied Jenkins homewards, having met him at Pendeen, who declined the invitations of his

many friends with great difficulty. Our two roadsters left the town in the evening, and on their road home, Jenkins being greatly excited, a state of mind excusable under present circumstances, was soon in full talk with Merlin concerning his encounter at Lanyon Quoit. He soothed Merlin's indignation at being deprived of his opportunity of hurling the ball in the best manner he was able. He sympathized with him, and told him doubtless the Squire would severely punish his son, remarking that he had told Sir Hugh, and that he was very indignant. Thus soothed, Merlin parted from Jenkins and went home to his grandmother, and she became very soon anxious to know the extent of Jenkins' communication, which might have been very inconsiderate under the circumstances, as she imagined of drink, so she insinuated her leading questions to Merlin, when spreading before him as good a supper as any gentleman in the county could wish for, and soon discovered to her satisfaction that indignation at Evered Trevernen's behaviour had possession of Merlin's mind to the exclusion of every other thought. Merlin was burning to revenge the indignity, and it required all his grandmother's authority to control him,

and prevent by promise his committing any act which might produce serious consequences.

Old Kitty listened to his tale, and whilst he told it her cheek mantled with indignation, and it was with difficulty she refrained from expressing herself in such a manner, as in calmer moments she would be sorry for.

She, however, did commit herself when she rated young Evered for his dastardly behaviour, by saying the blood which flowed in Merlin's veins was as good as his. This inconsiderate speech alarmed old Kitty, when she saw the intense look of her grandchild; she immediately retired within herself, and nothing more from look or speech could Merlin learn; a world of dreams had however been opened to his imagination, and it served to urge him onwards in the glorious career that was opening out to him in His Majesty's navy through the interest of Sir Hugh Laity.

Jenkins did not go home when he parted from Merlin, and although Jenny, his wife, knew where he was, she was too prudent a woman to interfere with her husband's predilections on occasions like the present. Jenkins was, on the whole, an obedient husband, he loved his pipe and his ease; Jenny was a sensible woman, and

she ruled her husband with his love for his pipe and his ease. Jenny was far above the class of those wives who went to the 'Rose and Crown' to fetch their husbands home, and she never sympathized with them when she heard their complaints on this head. "It is the want of management," Jenny would say to them; "you thwart them, and dare them, and then they must and will go. Now Jenkins," Jenny would say, "knows he can go when he likes to the 'Rose and Crown,' and stay as long as he likes, but then he doesn't, because I've his pipe ready for him at home." So from this little insight into the connubialities of this worthy couple, it is pretty clear Jenkins had no hesitation in joining his companions at the 'Rose and Crown,' after he left Merlin, instead of going home. It was late now, and Mr. Bullock was able to leave the Hall, and pay a visit to St. Keverne and hear the news; and on Jenkins' arrival, the 'Rose and Crown,' became full to overflowing.

"The very man," said Bullock. "Come at last," shouted all. Mine host himself made way for him, and Jenkins was now at home. The match had formed the chief theme for conversation, and as the Western men had gained it, the criticisms

were all of a favourable and genial kind. Jenkins' behaviour had won admiration, and he was now ranked with the first-class hurlers of the day. The incident at Lanyon Quoit was highly displeasing. Bullock had told them how grieved Sir Hugh was, and that Dr. Fergus had been heard to say that young Evered would have reason to regret his conduct. Jenkins had to narrate the whole incident in every particular, but, according to Jenny's account, there must not be much reliance placed upon its accuracy, as judging from the state of his mind when he arrived home, after his long, exciting, and fatiguing day, his perceptions were so disordered, his ideas were so confused, that in answering, in obedience to habit, her questions concerning the events of the day, he continued to mix up in inextricable confusion Sir Hugh, Dr. Fergus, Merlin, Lanyon Quoit, until finally overcome with fatigue and drink, the man of strength was vanquished and fell heavily asleep, Jenny charitably, as a loving wife ever should do, attributing this confused account of his proceedings to excessive fatigue. The loving wife looked with fondness and admiration at the stalwart man, with his calm and placid face, and his heaving breast, as he lay tired out, helpless

as an infant hushed in sleep,—nature's sweet restorer.

St Keverne and its inhabitants required a few days to settle down after the excitement, but the necessities of life very soon caused them to resume their wonted avocations. The fishermen went to sea, and the miners and field labourers went to their several employments.

The time for Merlin to prepare for sea had arrived, and Dr. Fergus was interesting himself, on behalf of Sir Hugh, to send him afloat. Merlin, at the Doctor's invitation, came over to St. Keverne and dined with him. He was inquisitive, but he was no match for the Doctor's diplomacy; all that was necessary for the lad to know was told to him without his questioning the Doctor, which was not much. He was told he had a great friend in Sir Hugh Laity, and the continuance of that influence depended on himeslf. The Doctor freely descanted on his struggle at Lanyon Quoit, and unreservedly blamed Evered Trevernon. He told Merlin that Evered's father was seriously displeased at his son's conduct, but that he was to dismiss from his mind all angry feelings, that to forgive one's enemies is a divine command, and that trials awaited us all in this life; that they

are sent for our good, so that we are not to be overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good, and then he said our characters by discipline will become established, and we thereby become fitted to embrace the opportunities of promotion as they occur. With this homily the Doctor dismissed the subject, and kindly made him a present of nautical instruments to assist him in his studies of navigation, which he had ordered expressly from London, and by which he desired to be remembered; he also supplied him with the requisite money to take him to Portsmouth, and a letter of introduction to the Port Admiral. The Doctor having concluded his business arrangements with the lad, entertained him from the stores of knowledge out of his own mind, for the rest of the meeting,

The morning for Merlin's departure arrived, his sea-chest was packed, and nothing remained for him but to bid good-bye to his grandmother, Jenny, and Jenkins. The worthy pair were early at the cottage; Jenny felt as a mother, and Jenkins expressed his affection in little acts, but not in words, for he had none. He knew enough of the boy's parentage to love him, and enough of his disposition to admire him. Old Kitty who

had brought him up from infancy, sobbed aloud and wrung her hands. Merlin was calm, although with difficulty he suppressed his feelings.

The weather was bright and clear, buoyed up with hope and full of the enthusiasm of youth, Merlin accompanied with Jenkins, left the home of his childhood to become an officer in the Royal Navy.

CHAPTER VII.

"As sure as can be, one of them must be the gentleman that's coming down to court my sister."—*Tony: She Stoops to Conquer.*

Some few years have passed away since the events occurred that have been narrated in the last chapter. Sir Hugh Laity has continued to reside at Tregarthen Hall in dignified retirement, consoled chiefly by the accounts regularly forwarded to him that his daughter Blanche, now grown up to womanhood, is all that his fond heart can desire, is now waiting for the appointed time to arrive when he will have her company at Tregarthen Hall. This long wished-for hour is approaching, and Sir Hugh is preparing to go to Paris, and then to travel for a year or two accompanied by Blanche, which will be the completion of her education.

Evered Trevernen has passed out of his boyhood; he has displayed considerable talent, and great and many have been the deliberations between his parents regarding his future career. Mrs. Trevernen's inclinations always leaned towards the Church; she said, she "thought he had oratorical power, and would like to see him a good homely parson, beloved and respected, succeeding old Dr. Carnsew at St. Keverne;" and, if she had spoken her whole mind, would have said, "with Blanche Laity, his first cousin, for his wife;" but before she had expressed this latent hope, she was cut short by Mr. Trevernen saying, "he was too clever for a parson, and that he was more fit for a lawyer," but perhaps, after all, he said, he "could not do better than follow in the footsteps of his father, and make money by commerce." Both, however, agreed on the necessity of Evered's going to college, and in due course to college he went. During his terms Evered more than once startled the economic mind of his father by exceeding, as he conceived, his very liberal allowance; but he displayed talent, and amidst his pleasures a natural desire for study, which placed him high up in the ranks of his fellows. With direct and

indirect assistance from his mother, he obtained from his father, not without lengthy letters of admonition, the pecuniary aid which he required to satisfy his rather expensive habits, which his disposition manifested at this early stage of his life. Evered formed, of course, many acquaintances and some friendships at college; he, however, inherited from his mother a delicacy of constitution which showed itself as he grew into manhood, deprived, as he was, of the fresh air of his native county, with its simple style of living, and tried it severely by the not unfrequent excesses which he was led into by his associations with that class of his fellow-students who were considered fast. The chief friendship formed by Evered was with young Frederick Power, son of General Power, who was then serving in India; and it is at the close of the college term in which Evered had distinguished himself and obtained his degree that the action of this tale is resumed, by young Power accompanying Evered to Pendeen on a visit, by an especial invitation from his parents.

The two young men having satisfied all claims from wine parties and health-drinkings due to the tyrant custom, and having satisfied their

scouts, left Oxford to spend a day or two in London before going on board the schooner 'Tregarthen,' one of a little fleet of vessels trading between Pendeen and London. London presented many attractions for the two friends, but their time was short for the gratification of their curiosity. Evered regretted that his uncle, Sir Hugh Laity, was not in town, and that he had not known of his intention, and had not sent him some letters of introductions. Power's friends were all Irish. In the absence of these passports they were thrown upon their own resources; and, though disposed to avail themselves of this opportunity to see what they called life, fear, or strangeness at being in London, restrained them from excess, and kept them well within the bounds of moderation. There was another reason, perhaps, which exerted an influence with them, and that a peremptory one: their purses were not too full of guineas. They, however, beguiled the time they had to wait for the 'Tregarthen' schooner by visiting the places of amusement then open for the public; and, after dinner, went to Covent Garden Theatre and saw Goldsmith's comedy, 'She Stoops to Conquer,' performed in such a manner as to call forth their

wildest admiration, and to come up to their ideal standard of what acting should be. The following day they went on board the schooner at Gravesend, and, after enjoying a smooth passage down the English Channel, arrived at Pendeen, where Evered was met by his father, and he and his friend welcomed home to Lamorna House.

Mrs. Trevernen did not make any preparations for the young visitor; they were not necessary. Helen saw that the housemaids had prepared his bedroom, and waited with curiosity her introduction to her brother's college friend.

Helen Trevernen was an only daughter, and had lived all her life under her parents' roof, and had not the advantages of her cousin, Blanche Laity, who had been for years in Paris; nevertheless, her natural abilities were of a high order, her quick perceptions, aided by her studious habits, had to a large extent compensated for the disadvantages of being educated at home. "Helen," her mother would say when in conversation with friends and relations, who constantly endeavoured to prevail on her to send her to London, "is made for domestic life; her sphere of action is a minister's wife, attending to the wants of the poor, succouring the sick,

and comforting the sorrowful." Mrs. Trevernen, happy and contented in her own home, imagined that her daughter's future happiness would consist in the kind of life she had pictured; possibly there may have been a little unconscious selfishness in Mrs. Trevernen's views regarding her daughter. She had never been away from her, and, now she had grown up, not only did she relieve her of many domestic duties, but was a companion and a solace to her. Separation on any other condition than marriage, and that after a fashion peculiar to her own inclination, she could not endure; and therefore, Mr. Trevernen, economical in mind, busy in commerce, never entertained the idea of sending Helen away for her education, and never had the idea suggested to him that it was his duty so to do. His peace was never disturbed at breakfast when he read his London newspaper, or his temper ruffled after business when he partook of his quiet cup of tea in the bosom of his family, by being reminded that Blanche was excelling in this and that accomplishment, and that he ought to give the same advantages to Helen; and that if he did not, the time would come when the girls would meet in society, and then

he would regret he had not foreseen that there would be an invidious contrast between them, detrimental to Helen's peace, and preventive of their mutual affection. If the conviction ever pressed on Mrs. Trevernen that she ought to nudge her husband's elbow, and awake his attention to this subject, it was always postponed for a more convenient season, when Helen was a little older, and could be better spared, or dismissed altogether by Helen's deportment when she poured out the tea and enlivened the evening with her wit and her conversation. Helen was educated at home, but there was one individual who entertained for her feelings of admiration, and who appreciated the qualities of her mind. The routine of education Helen Trevernen received at the best school in Pendeen; but it was Doctor Fergus who enlightened her mind, and instructed her intellect. In his bouts of *badinage* with his fair warrior, he unconsciously led her to reflect; in his arguments he taught her to reason logically, and strengthened her memory by challenges to repeat passages from standard works, and favourite authors. She was a linguist by nature, studious from habit, and curious if not inquisitive by constitution. With

a memory more than ordinarily retentive, fed by the literature insidiously placed before her by Dr. Fergus, Helen Trevernen soon acquired a proficiency in ancient history, an insight into physical geography which more correct science just dawning in her day was about to enlarge, and finally she revelled in metaphysical disquisitions. Dr. Fergus was very proud of Helen Trevernen, and enjoyed her society, humoured her wit, and chuckled with secret delight at her sallies of satire on her neighbours, and the erudition of her mind when he partook of a cup of his favourite beverage at Lamorna House. In figure she was *petite*, in complexion swart, with dark sparkling eyes when she was excited, but pensive almost to sadness when her mind was in repose. Handsome when earnest in argument, eager and energetic to maintain her point and vanquish her antagonist; ambitious to be conspicuous, fond of admiration and love of conquest, good-humoured and willing to please;—such was Helen Trevernen, all eyes when she was introduced to Fred Power, and welcomed Evered home.

Helen was young, her life had been conventional, she had never seen the world and learnt

the refined art of subduing her exuberance; her one desire now was to create an effect, to stamp her individuality of character on the mind of the young man whom she saw for the first time, and impress on him a sense of admiration; she knew nothing of love,—she had heard of such a thing, and laughed about it, sprinkled her sparkling wit on it,—her day had not then come! It dawned now, and her first impulse was to pierce it through and through with the alluring fascination of mind, and in exultation gaze on it as she trampled it beneath her feet,—such was Helen Trevernen by temperament and education when she, for the first time, looked on the being who quickened her sympathies into life!

When the courteous greetings were over, and Evered had shown his friend the house and gardens,—when their newness and strangeness to Power had disappeared, and evening had closed in, with Dr. Fergus, who had come over to greet Evered, and gratify his curiosity, and when conversation began to flow,—such was Helen Trevernen! Her eloquence, her display of learning, her conscious knowledge of her possession of power to charm, her almost querulousness in argument with Dr. Fergus so fascinating, was

not for him, but for young Power! Such was Helen Trevernen, and her mind was agitated as it had never been before.

Dr. Fergus went home more delighted with her than he had ever been before; he had never seen her to such advantage. So thought Dr. Fergus as he rode home, but he could not look over his spectacles; and though he knew the sciences, he knew nothing of women; his horizon was bounded!

Fred Power, on retiring, said, "Evered, your sister is a paragon!" He had been struck with amazement and admiration; but love was not then born in his soul.

Evered, with his friend Fred Power, were up betimes in the morning, enjoying the morning air so fresh from the sea, and admiring the beauties of the surrounding scenery from the land, which were more enjoyable and more highly appreciated by young Power than when he saw them from the deck of the little schooner 'Tregarthen,' when she sailed rather near the shore to avail of a slant of wind to take her into her destined port of Pendeen. Invigorated with their walk, and with appetites sharpened, they came home to breakfast, to which they did ample

justice. Being still summer time, field sports had not yet commenced, and there remained fishing only for Evered to interest and amuse Power with. The carriage was however ordered, and Mrs. Trevernen and Helen, accompanied with the two young men, were driven over to Tregarthen Hall, and made a call on Sir Hugh Laity, who was at home, and who received his sister with an affectionate kiss, and welcomed his nephew and friend to Tregarthen, promising them at once some good shooting as soon as the partridge season commenced. Lunch was served, and Sir Hugh intimated his intention to leave immediately for Paris, on Mrs. Trevernen inquiring after Blanche; indeed, she observed by the preparations and unsettled state of the establishment that Tregarthen Hall was to be without its master for awhile; and thus the young Trevernens were, perhaps, a little disappointed that they would not be able to visit their uncle during the stay of Fred Power.

Power, an Irishman, from being accustomed to Irish scenery, had an eye to beauty, and was sincere in his eulogiums on the mansion and fine estate of Tregarthen. Evered playfully said, "There is no male heir, only a lovely daughter."

Politeness enforced Power to say, as the old tower of St. Keverne was seen in the distance, "I publish the banns of marriage between Evered Trevernen, bachelor, and Blanche Laity, spinster, both of this parish."

This was so agreeable to the whole party, and as Mrs. Trevernen thought ought to be, and hoped intently and constantly would be, that it required all Helen's presence of mind and intellectual tact to keep Power's pleasantry within the realm of fun and joke. Power, of course, was too discreet and too much of a gentleman to betray his thoughts which flashed through him by any external sign. He continued his pleasantry, to the "For shame, Mr. Power!" of Helen, and "Nonsense, Power!" from Evered, who said, "I have not seen my cousin for years. I do not even know her." Power now understood perfectly the arrangements of the family, and that he was not under any circumstances to become an admirer of Blanche, whom he had never seen, nor of her estate, which he had just admired.

Helen was in high spirits, receiving all the attentions due to her from Evered and Power, "coquetting fancy free," as she induced the little

party to pay a visit to Dr. Fergus. Of course they must go by the way of St. Ruan's Well, and Power must drink of the Lethean spring.

"Why Lethean, Miss Trevernen?" said Power, as they came in view of the bubbling waters from the shady steep.

"Why," said Helen, "because the spring is fated, and its waters consecrated."

"Nonsense, Helen!" said Mrs. Trevernen.

"Why, Mamma," said Helen, "we know that all the Laitys and all the Trevernens—"

"Yes, and all the everybodies," broke in Evered.

"Yes, and all the nobodies as well," said Helen, archly looking at her brother,—"they were all baptized with this flood."

"Since or before the Conquest?" said Evered.

"Well, never mind," replied Helen; "it was before our ancestor, old Arundel, with a few of his followers, kept a body of parliamentary troops from destroying his castle—"

"And preserved his dam and all her little ones," whispered Evered to Power.

"And," continued Helen, "before the Killigrews were loyal to their rightful king and sacrificed their fortunes for the Stuart cause."

"Well, anyhow," said Evered, "that is a long time ago."

The party had now reached the old well. "It is flowing still," said Helen Trevernen; and down the moss-covered steps they descended to drink from the very source of its superstitious waters.

"Shall I drink?" said Power.

"Eh, drink!" said a musical voice from an elderly woman, walking with the aid of her crooked stick to the well for water. "Drink, and forget your native home and your father's house. Drink," she said, now bending over the well and looking down, "drink of the Lethean stream of oblivion and the Circean waters of fate."

The party was startled, and without drinking of the superstitious waters they skipped up the steps, and confronted old Kitty Keskeys, the guardian of the spring.

Mrs. Trevernen was not well pleased at the intrusion, and ill-disguised her feelings when she acknowledged the curtsey of the old woman. Helen was young, and knew little or nothing of old Kitty's antecedents beyond that she was an old domestic pensioned off by her uncle, and had grown cross and superstitious. She was therefore

disposed not to be rude,—that was not her nature,—but to have a little fun at the old woman's expense, which would amuse them, and was fitting for the place. Helen's manner was therefore courteous, and she inquired kindly how she was in health, and when would she come to Lamorna House? This appeased the old woman's irritation, caused by the remembrance of Evered Trevernen's conduct at Lanyon Quoit, and her antipathy to him, as she suspected his pretensions to the heiress of Tregarthen; but Helen's manner won her, and moreover she was accompanied by a young and handsome man, a perfect stranger to her, and that interested her.

Helen said, "Really, if you are not a fortune-teller, it is a miracle. The place is enough to make one so."

Young Power observed that he thought she was, from the precautionary manner she had spoken to them and prevented their drinking whilst in the very act of doing so. "If you are, good mother," said Power, "tell me my fortune," and he thrust out his hand crossed with a shilling in the usual way.

"My dear young gentleman, put up your money. I'll tell your fortune without that," old

Kitty pleasantly said, giving them to understand that they mistook her calling; and then, pattering off with her now filled pitcher, she chanted with her musical voice,—

"Don't drink of the water that flows from the well,
It's not for a stranger, that I must tell;
It's the Lethean stream, will make you forget
The home of your youth, not the maid you have met.'

This pleased both Helen and Power. Helen laughed heartily, and forbade his drinking if he valued his peace of mind. Power gallantly said "his peace of mind could only be maintained by his drinking the water," and sprang down the old steps, stooped and drank from the hollow of his hand. Helen followed, laughingly prognosticating every imaginable evil to follow from his presumption, and quoted the rhymes, which her memory retained without effort, as ludicrously as she possibly could. She declined, however, to drink and risk her peace of mind, and tripped up the stone steps followed by Fred Power, leaving the old well to murmur on. They speedily reached the Doctor's cœnobitium at St. Keverne, but their visit was short, as they had encroached somewhat on their time and had to hasten home to be in time for dinner.

"I say, Evered," said Power, as they were returning to Pendeen, "You do not appear to be in the good graces of your sibyl of the well."

"Indeed he does not," said Mrs. Trevernen, "and I am surprised and annoyed that my brother's dependant should so have forgotten herself. This assumption, Mr. Power, comes of educating the labouring classes beyond their necessities. I think it quite proper that they should be taught to read and learn the Church Catechism, but beyond that I for one consider it a great error to educate. My dear brother and I," continued Mrs. Trevernon, "have often had warm arguments on this subject, which have sprung out of his patronizing this old woman who has been so disrespectful to us. Sir Hugh has his hobby, Mr. Power, in education: educate the people, he has said to me, and you elevate their moral standard and give them nobler views of life. I have no objection, as I have already said, to a moderate education which should teach the poor to observe a proper respect for their superiors and be contented in their own sphere, but I decidedly object and have again and again condemned my wilful brother for having afforded such opportunities to Kitty Keskeys. He has

made her what she is by flattering her vanity, Mr. Power, and has even, by his own confession, lent her Chaucer, and has gone to the amazing extent of calling her his glossary! Can imprudence go further, Helen? I appeal to you, Mr. Power. It astonishes me, and I am pained when I remember that Sir Hugh has said that Kitty Keskeys reads Chaucer better than any one he knows, and that she has a clear and perceptive insight into the poet's meaning in consequence of her knowledge of old Cornish."

"This is high praise," whispered Power to Helen, as Mrs. Trevernen paused for a moment, and before she concluded her condemnation by saying,—

"And now, my dear children, we experience the sad results of your uncle's folly."

Helen was not satisfied with her mamma's denunciation, and instead of changing the conversation continued it by pointedly saying to Power, "That she had heard her uncle entertained a very high opinion of this woman's intellect, and that she had heard him say it was of little consequence whether he fostered her intellect or not, as nothing could restrain her thirst for knowledge. I believe, Mr. Power," continued

Helen, "she has the heathen mythology by heart."

"And has given, I suppose," replied Power, "the classical epithets to the well we heard just now."

"Just so," broke in Evered. "She is a cunning old hag, and will one of these days be ducked in a horsepond for a witch."

"For shame, Evered!" said Helen, as the carriage stopped at Lamorna House.

CHAPTER VIII.

"And oh! the little warlike world within!
The well-reeved guns, the netted canopy,
The hoarse command, the busy humming din,
When at a word the tops are mann'd on high;
Hark to the boatswain's call, the cheering cry!
While through the seaman's hands the tackle glides;
Or schoolboy midshipman that, standing by,
Strains his shrill pipe as good or ill betides,
And well the docile crew that skilful urchin guides."

Childe Harold, canto ii. *v.* xvii.

Frederick Power having paid his flying visit of a fortnight, and having seen as much as the Trevernens could show him of the county in this time, expressed his satisfaction of all he had seen, and the pleasure he derived from forming a friendship with Evered's family, as he announced his intention of departing for Ireland to spend with his mother the remainder of his college vacation. Evered accepted his invitation

to pay a visit to Ireland as soon as circumstances would permit, and with promises of maintaining a correspondence, Fred Power concluded his first visit to Cornwall.

The last evening there was a little party at Lamorna House. Doctor Fergus of course made one, and enjoyed a rubber of whist with Mr. and Mrs. Trevernen, whilst the younger members amused themselves with music, and afterwards a dance. Fred Power danced a minuet—then in fashion—with Helen, but, although fascinated with her powers, had not found the distich of old Kitty absolutely true regarding his peace of mind. Nevertheless, there was a kind of flirtation carried on between them which had an undercurrent of concealed attractions which closely reached the confines of the feelings of attachment, and which found expression in the earnestness of Helen, when she threw aside her mask, discontinued her raillery and wit, and hoped in serious earnestness that Evered would have the pleasure of his company again. Trifling *souvenirs* were exchanged under the disguise of pleasant remembrances, and Power left with the desire, if not with the resolution, that he must meet Helen Trevernen again.

Helen, when Fred Power was gone, missed his company more than she could account for, the attraction which excited her spirits and roused her energies was gone, and her spirits were low. The sleeping passion of something more mysterious than sympathy had been awakened in her heart, and she was alarmed. Thus mused Helen as she retired to rest. But rest she could not, and as a relief to her feelings she sat down and composed the following:—

"I have drunk of the fountain,
That stream of delight;
Would the mist from the mountain
Could efface it in night;
But it flows through the meadow in rivulets clear,
It's a draught of delight to memory dear.

"I've drunk of the stream,
But I'll drink it no more,
I'll fancy I dream,
And my peace I'll restore;
But it flows on and on, and I cannot forget,
The day at the fountain when young . . . . I met."

"Ah! me," she said impetuously, throwing down her pen; "why could I not write the name of Power?" Agitated as she never had been before, she endeavoured to compose herself to sleep.

The day for Sir Hugh Laity's departure from Tregarthen Hall having arrived, he with gladness of heart proceeded direct to Paris to see his beloved daughter. Paris was at this time quiet, after the first act of that great and terrible Revolution which broke out in 1789. The American war, which emancipated the now United States from England, was over, and England was at peace; but she had to encounter another difficulty in the Irish Rebellion, which ended in her union with England, after the battle of the Nile. The Mediterranean was full of English men-of-war, and Sir Hugh shortened his stay in Paris, and proceeded with as much haste as discretion, to show Blanche the continental cities of Europe, which he had long contemplated, before he brought her home to Tregarthen Hall.

They passed from France into Switzerland, and from thence into Italy, as rapidly as circumstances would permit, much troubled with their passports; but the English fleet, so powerful in the Mediterranean, and England's commanding position at this time were of essential service. Blanche was in ecstasies. The delight of being with her father, to travel with him, and see Venice, Milan, and Rome, was almost too much

for her; but she listened to her father, and was well aware of the object he had in view, and profited by his own peculiar course of instruction. From Rome they journeyed to Naples, and from thence to Malta, where Sir Hugh was informed the 'Hercules' was lying, commanded by his old friend, who had taken Merlin as a midshipman, and who, by his meritorious conduct at the battle of the Nile, had been promoted, and was now the first lieutenant of the 'Hercules' line-of-battle ship.

Sir Hugh and his daughter were glad when they arrived at Malta; and although the weather was hot, the accommodation at Valetta was excellent, and Sir Hugh determined if the 'Hercules' remained, that he would make some stay, with a view to rest after their quick travelling.

Very early the Commander of the 'Hercules' was aware of the arrival of Sir Hugh Laity and his daughter; and Merlin's feelings may be imagined, but not described. Since he had left his grandmother's cottage he had become a man, and had served with honour. Few had been his opportunities of hearing from home, but often and often in his watch had he pondered over the mystery of his birth and the incidents of his

life. He felt convinced he had an influential though secret and unknown patron, and became, through many incidental circumstances, persuaded he was none other than Sir Hugh Laity himself; for whenever in conversation with the Commander at evening time, after the day's duties of the ship were over, he gathered from him that his conduct was reported to Sir Hugh, and that he was intimately acquainted, and interested in his career.

Merlin was, therefore, appointed to wait on Sir Hugh at his hotel, and announce that his Commander would visit him. On arriving at the hotel on the following morning, he was ushered in by Sir Hugh Laity's valet, and found him reposing in the shade from the sun. Merlin had been accustomed to good society, and had often been privileged to sit at the table on board ship with men of superior rank; he therefore was not abashed, and announced himself with his message with grace and ease.

Sir Hugh Laity rose to meet him, and his eye glistened with pleasure at the noble bearing of the young man. Perhaps a sigh of regret was silently heaved from his heart that he was not his heir, as well as,—well, no matter, but simply

Merlin Tregarthen, whom he had protected in infancy, and not neglected in manhood.

Blanche, hearing from her attendant Clémence that a naval officer had visited her father, judged who it was, for she also felt interested in Merlin. She had heard her father speak of him, and refer to the rude behaviour of her cousin Evered towards him at the hurling-match; more, she had heard him highly spoken of for his behaviour at the great battle of the Nile, and knew that he gained, to a large extent, his promotion as much for his talent as his bravery. Blanche came from her boudoir, and was introduced. She was now an elegant young woman, and perfectly unconscious, by her education, of any speciality in her deportment. This was, however, remarkably noticeable in her cousin, Helen Trevernen, it was her character; but with Blanche, her tall but slim figure, her light flaxen hair, her clear complexion, her Grecian nose, soft, expressive, and exquisite mouth, were not conspicuous or obtrusive; they served to make up the individuality of the girl, nothing more. No one would think of asking themselves the question, "Is she clever? is she handsome?" She was Blanche Laity, the heiress of Tregarthen, blooming with health, smiling with goodness, and elegant in repose.

"My daughter, Merlin," Sir Hugh Laity would have said, but he repressed his feelings, and said "Mr. Tregarthen."

The two bowed, and took their seats. There they were like and unlike; the one, with a physique inherited from his father, stalwart and commanding; the other with a physique inherited from her mother, classical, refined, gentle, soft, and loving; each bearing within them a *vrai-semblance* to the man who was before them.

Sir Hugh, as he looked on this couple, felt, if this young man could not marry his daughter, he would like him to be the heir of Tregarthen. If he were not the heir of Tregarthen, he would like him to marry his daughter. As a son he could enfold him in his embrace, and mourned now his bereavement when he lost his only son in infancy.

Fascinating were the sensations of these two beings; a mysterious attraction exerted its influence over them, awakening their sympathies, and drawing them towards each other in thought, feeling, and sentiment. Instinct, or some marvellous incomprehensible power, told them both that fate or destiny had marked them down, and their lot in life, whether for weal or woe, was to

be entwined. Blanche felt it; her nature, with its susceptibilities, instructed her. On his arm she could lean, on his bosom she could rest, on his love she could repose; in his protection she could shelter, as a dove in its nest, and a ship at her anchor, and share with him his mantle of renown, and rejoice in the glory of his flag. Merlin knew nothing of fear, and was accustomed to danger, but he, too, felt that he belonged to her, and could only unravel his feelings by supposing the attraction he experienced was the beginning of love for a wife.

Merlin announced to Sir Hugh that his commander would send his launch for him on the following morning, as he thought a quiet day on board the 'Hercules' would not only be agreeable, but beneficial after their hasty travelling.

Sir Hugh accepted the invitation, and appointed the hour, rather early in the morning, when he would be ready to step on board the launch. Merlin was offered refreshment from ceremony. A cooling draught of sherbet was partaken of, when Sir Hugh said, "Here's to all at home!"

The ceremonious visit having been completed, Merlin retired. Blanche did also, to confer

with Clémence about sundry items of wardrobe, amongst others, a jaconet which she had seen, and which had pleased her. All was bustle on board the 'Hercules' at early morn. A man-of-war is a world in itself. Before the heat of the day came on, much had to be done, besides the usual routine of swabbing the decks. The wounded from Aboukir had still to be attended to, and many, not ill enough to be invalided, were basking on the decks, sheltered by the shade of the majestic bulwarks of the noble ship. The word had gone forth to man the launch, and Master Tommy Dart, the youngest and most mischief-loving monkey of a midshipman in the ship, was in the stern sheets, tiller in hand, waiting the signal to command twenty men of herculean strength. Merlin descended into the launch, which was the signal for Master Tommy Dart to order the bowman to cast off, which of course he did with the same gravity and punctiliousness as if Merlin had given the order himself; who, however, was listlessly lounging in the stern, perfectly insensible to Master Tommy Dart's nautical manœuvres. He was reading a London newspaper a month old at least, which had come on board a day or two

before, and had reached thus far in its declining and descending career on board the 'Hercules.' In process of time it may reach Mr. Blowhard, the boatswain, who will receive it well-thumbed from the steward, who will have appropriated it after it has done duty with the lieutenants, doctor, and surgeon; and before Master Tommy Dart, who has eyed it already, and is planning how he can manage to make Mr. Tregarthen leave it behind, and of course lose it when he steps ashore. "Port, Sir," whispers the bowman, as he sees the launch bearing right down on the 'Agincourt.' It is unnecessary, Master Tommy Dart can see a church by daylight; he thinks six inches clear way for the port rowers ample and sufficient, and so the launch sweeps along, the oars almost touching the side of the huge ship. Master Tommy Dart was certainly precision itself, but not a man had to alter his position in rowing. His laughing eye chuckled with delight. He had allowed for the current, and for the way on the large boat; he had nothing to spare, but he had not deviated the boat's course a point by abrupt steering.

"Mr. Dart," said the first lieutenant, "I wish you would be as precise in your general duties as you are in your steering."

And thus having noted and reprimanded Mr. Tommy Dart's eccentricities, Merlin relapsed again into apparent unconsciousness, perfectly indifferent how the boat was propelled in her tortuous path amidst craft of all sizes, moored and unmoored; some going to the shore with parties of sailors on leave, others coming out with provisions from the island. Merlin's attention was awakened only when the boat arrived at the landing-place; and, as Master Tommy Dart calculated, he left the newspaper behind. In a moment the youngster appropriated it, and ordered the boat to lie off a few fathoms, and peremptorily refused every application for a few minutes' leave on shore.

Master Tommy Dart had been instructed in his duty, and knew too well by extra lessons in navigation, as well as by being mast-headed, what were the results of disobedience to orders. Twenty men were held in control by an urchin—they had nothing to do but to put him into their pockets,—yet his voice was potential, and the whole fleet, if necessary, was at his call to support him, and to ratify his command and vindicate it with terrible majesty. Here were Master Tommy Dart's credentials to command as he

lay imitating his superior, reading the newspaper, with a prepared place gaping to receive it; not exactly a place of concealment, but a place of security, should Mr. Tregarthen be so ungentlemanly as to remind Master Tommy Dart that he is under the impression he left a newspaper behind him, and doesn't see it now. Out of sight out of mind, is Mr. Tommy Dart's reflection as he prepares his trap.

In the meantime he finds an hour hanging heavy on his hands; and having expended all he has, and all his promises, which are not appreciated, because not understood by the young Maltese divers, diving for "throw-penny" at great depths, he is suddenly impressed and concerned with the want of information by the crew of the launch, on the stirring events at home, and resolves to spend a profitable hour, now afforded him from the newspaper, in reading from it some of the events that had transpired since they last saw the Lizard. Master Tommy Dart informs them that, owing to the mutiny at the Nore, the number of lashes is to be increased; and, in consequence, when the grog is to be stopped. He reads to them that the old 'Troubadour' is to be commissioned, and Captain Savage is to be

her commander. He also informs them that the tobacco crops have failed, and the navy is to go on half allowance; and that the Tower of London was burnt down in consequence of the lions being washed in Exeter Change. This caused an explosion of laughter just at the moment when Merlin was conducting Sir Hugh Laity and his daughter to the boat. Quickly enough the sharp eye of Master Tommy Dart, ever on the look-out for squalls, as he and his companions, often in trouble, called them, saw Sir Hugh and his party heave in sight; and as quickly did he stow away the paper, and bring the launch to the landing jetty as demurely as a man of sixty. Master Tommy Dart was very troublesome; but being the youngest Middy, he was petted, and being very handsome, was often cockswain in his commander's gig.

Sir Hugh and Blanche stepped on board, and were swiftly rowed out to the 'Hercules' where she was quiescent at her moorings. Clémence, like her nation, did not like the sea. She had never seen it before, and, from what she had heard in her native village, had a dread of it. Her nerves were strung to the utmost when she mounted the ladder to ascend over the ship's side; but

courageous at heart, she refrained from exclamation, and when on deck she, with the volubility natural to her country, to say nothing out of politeness of her sex, expressed her wonder and her admiration.

The Commander of the 'Hercules' received Blanche with fatherly tenderness. When last he saw her she was young; and now the hospitable and brave commander conducted his guests to his saloon. Every adventitious aid from the proverbial ingenuity of sailors had been resorted to, to render the atmosphere of the cabins and saloon, as well as of the whole ship, not only salutary, but agreeable. The temperature of the cabin was delicious, cooled by the constant washing of the deck above, and by pipes conducting currents of fresh air, laden with the scent of flowers blown off in the gentle breeze from the land. Here Sir Hugh lounged on the soft cushioned couches, and here Blanche felt wondrously safe and happy. Her spirits rose to such a height, that she had to exercise an effort to control them. The scenery that she now surveyed from a position so desirable, so safe from danger, so free from annoyances, entranced her, and peacefully happy was she when she turned

and saw her dear father sitting by the side of his old friend, eager to express his congratulations at the noble part the 'Orion' took in the Bay of Aboukir. Blanche listened with delight to his narrative, so modest and so considerate. She discovered Nelson was the hero of heroes. To be near him was life, to win his smile was fame; to fight to the death under his flag, and to bleed out the life in war, was glory.

Every breast on board the 'Hercules' was in flames; mighty passions were at anchor, waiting the signal to weigh, and to follow their hero, Nelson, to death or victory. Dibdin's songs she heard beautifully sung, and whilst a deep bass voice trilled their sentiments, she saw it was the victories that follow Nelson which make the British navy invincible. And now she saw a mighty fabric floating gently on the incoming swell from the Mediterranean; sighing through her rigging was the breeze loaded with perfume and songs of birds, but nevertheless her destined and avowed purpose was to belch forth iron rain, by a host of men within her ribbed sides,—when inflamed with the passion of war,—to destroy the works of God and man.

The day passed away; Sir Hugh Laity and his

daughter were for the most part of it on the deck, protected by the awning, and amused at the novel scenes enacting before them. Look where they would, everything was new and strange, and as pleasing as strange. The ceaseless activity of the ship, ever presenting some new phase to attract their attention, was highly interesting. Merlin was constantly with Sir Hugh, explaining the cause of this and the reason for that. Master Tommy Dart was Blanche's amusement; the young gentleman having discovered his bearings, and made the most of them with Mr. Tregarthen, for excuses from other duties.

The dinner hour now approached, and the gallant commander invited to his table the *élite* of his crew. Blanche sat between her father and the Commander of the 'Hercules,' attended by Clémence, who stood behind her, perhaps more out of consideration than necessity, as Blanche was the only goddess amongst the Neptunes. The chaplain was at the bottom of the table, and said grace with solemnity, in a ship whose vocation was to kill men in the trade of war. All were as solemn as the clergyman, and as devout. These men had hearts as soft as woman's, beating in their breasts, and pulses that could quicken

with the sight of suffering or the tears of sorrow, and yet at duty's call, or for their country's honour, their lives were as nothing worth. The marine band played, every officer was in full dress, and ceremony checked all hilarity. Conversation flowed freely, and was not confined to ships and war; but, on the contrary, these subjects were kept in abeyance, partly out of delicate compliment to Blanche, partly because these men could map the heavens as well as plough the seas,—could read the history of the countries they had visited, as well as destroy them, and partly because they had wives and mothers, and sisters and brothers at home, and loved to talk of home and homely ways. The health of the King was drunk, also his Majesty's ministers. The navy and the sister service, the Church, then Nelson. This roused the imagination, every man sprang to his feet, the band played 'See the Conquering Hero Comes,' and, as if by magic, the name was caught from lip to lip, and one loud burst of applause was cannoned forth from every mouth in the ship.

It was now sundown, the bunting was lowered, the day's duties were over, some had leave for shore, and were hurrying down the ship's sides,

pouring out of her port holes, and dropping into the various Maltese craft hanging round the ship for the purpose. The night lanterns were hoisted, and the evening gun was fired, sending its echo far over hill and dale, and answered by the other and companion ships in Valetta, checking off the correctness or incorrectness of the various chronometers by Greenwich time.

Blanche retired now, with her attendant, to her extemporized boudoir and sleeping cabin, where she remained some little time; but the transcendental glories of the evening were such, that she again repaired to the deck. The awning had been furled, and now the ship was bathed in glory. All commotion had ceased, for the boats had put off, and nought was heard but the measured steps of the marines on duty. Nothing interrupted her sweet flow of reflective thought and maiden meditation, but contrarywise, they were soothed by the soft and seductive music of the band, which was now stationed on the deck, and was playing, *con amore,* old and plaintive airs, with solos and original variations, constantly varied by one instrument taking up another air when the strain from the last had vibrated into silence and faded into echo. What old

associations were awakened in the breasts of the children of song, and in the listeners, who were equally affected! what memories of bygone days —days of happy childhood, before the world's sorrows and the world's sins had blanched their hairs and furrowed their cheeks, found solace now, none can tell?

Blanche listened intently, and drank in the strains of melody. She sat listening, thinking, and musing. Thoughts of childhood came athwart her memory; memories of the old Hall and old Kitty; and then she wondered who Merlin Tregarthen was, why he should thus be named, and why her father was so interested in him. She remembered him a little boy with old Kitty, and remembered now that she had heard his name mentioned with honour, and then it occurred to her that she would ask her papa why the great battle just fought should be called the Battle of the Nile; how large ships could get into the river and fight there, and if the battle were in the Bay of Aboukir, why call it the Nile?

Whilst thus musing the music ceased, and the train of thoughts was disturbed; they lost their consistency, they were entangled, and ceased

altogether, when Master Tommy Dart appeared before her with a message from Sir Hugh, cautioning her against the night dew, which was now falling fast; and bringing to her, at the same time, the glorious bunting for her feet to be wrapped in. Merlin had ordered this, and now came to her side, and lingered there. She asked him if he thought these glorious orbs were peopled; and if so, were they like us, and had they sorrow as well as joy? "Could there be joy if there was no sorrow?" she said, as if thinking aloud. Merlin answered her, "That he knew these orbs were of magnificent size, possibly all suns, with their attendant satellites, and possibly were peopled with intelligence, perhaps perfectly happy and contented, without ever having known care or sorrow, hope or disappointment, and who were very powerful, and unlike us in every particular. God is great," said Merlin, "and sailors can see His wisdom in spreading out the heavens, as well as behold His power in the storm at sea."

"Have you ever known fear?" asked Blanche, rather abruptly, as if this were an expression of thought flowing swiftly through her brain; but pausing, and before Merlin could speak she said,

"Pardon me, I was wrong in asking such a question. You cannot have known fear as I would."

"No," said Merlin, "no, not in the sense you would experience it. We may realize it, but we have to meet it and to conquer it. You have not; you are not exposed as we are, and you are sheltered by protection. You may anticipate fear, but not realize it; we do not suffer from anticipation, we expect it and we prepare to meet it,—duty, shame, our calling, our interest, all are shields and spears in our hands to vanquish it. But I will answer your question concisely, though so unnecessarily withdrawn. Yes, we do feel fear, and the more sensitive and refined our minds are, the keener it is felt; it is the unthinking and the animalized men who are insensible to it."

"Ah! I see," said Blanche; "but may I ask you without offence, Mr. Tregarthen, do men tremble when in battle? for I have been picturing to myself a battle since I've been in this ship; it must be terrible."

Merlin smiled and could have said he was in battle now, and was more afraid than when he was in the fight at Aboukir; but this would be folly and worse. He knew the kind of thoughts the lovely girl was thinking, and he answered

her, "No, not in battle; there is no time then for fear or thought; but before the battle thought, call it fear if you like, will intrude itself, and then as the man, so the act; one will breathe a silent prayer, another will fortify himself with stimulants; both acts proceed from the same motive."

"Life is very wonderful," Blanche said; "we see it as it is when we are away from our homes and outside the little narrow circles of our conventionalism. Good night! Mr. Tregarthen," and gracefully Blanche descended below for the night.

We left Sir Hugh still at the dinner table; after the ceremonial part was over, one after another left, until the Commander and Sir Hugh were left alone over their wine. Both were men of learning and acquirements, and very soon the conversation turned on the early civilization of the adjacent countries at the commencement of Christianity. Many curious facts were mentioned respecting the ships of the day, especially as they traded in this sea, and therefore there was a charm now in a retrospective view of the past. The Commander mentioned there was no doubt but that the ships were large, perhaps 500 to 1000 tons burden, that their mode of steering was

with two rudders, and that the very fact of their being undergirded in rough weather showed they could not be very strongly built.

"Would they sail on a wind," asked Sir Hugh, "and make good weather?"

"Well that depends," laughingly said the Commander, unable to forego the pleasure of making a pun, "that depends on the weather." But the Commander maintained they could work to windward; that is, they could sail at a less angle than a right angle, how much he would not say. He thought, however, they were more accustomed to wait for fair winds, and "sail with the gale," quoting the finale of a favourite song. This conversation led to the consideration of Paul's voyage and shipwreck. The Commander sounded his bell, and Mr. Tregarthen's company was requested. Merlin quickly presented himself and by request brought the chart, and was invited to take a seat, help himself to some wine, and join in the discussion which was now getting interesting. Sir Hugh started with the idea that the island on which Paul was wrecked was Melita, in the Adriatic. The Commander on the other hand said the 'Hercules' was anchored at the very island. There was no dispute between the

two friends, but each appeared anxious to maintain his point. Sir Hugh had prejudices, but he soon found his position was untenable before the overwhelming evidence of the two seamen. The argument used by the Commander of the 'Hercules,' and confirmed by Merlin, was that the ship was lying-to, nevertheless she was drifting, and by the way the wind blew, it was an impossibility for her to drift up the Adriatic. With a heavy gale, it was said it would exercise the best powers of a modern ship to work up the gulf to the island of Melita; besides it was maintained further that the wind blew from the N.E., and that would blow her dead on Malta; and, moreover, the time stated in the sacred narrative in which the ship was lying-to and drifting, would just make the distance from Crete to Malta. Sir Hugh gave up his point; and the question then arose as to the part of the island on which the ship struck, and whether now, if the soundings were taken, they would confirm the sacred record? The Commander said he had no doubt of it, and invited Sir Hugh to join him on the following day in a little excursion to explore the island and verify the record. Coffee was now served, the chaplain made his appearance in his

canonical dress, all joined in the evening prayer breathed by the devout man of experience, and gradually the little world of busy life on board the 'Hercules' sank to sleep except the watch pacing the deck with measured step.

At a comparatively early hour on the following morning, one of the largest boats belonging to the ship was equipped and ready to receive the party to explore the supposed part of the island where, 1800 years ago, St. Paul was shipwrecked as he was journeying to Rome, a prisoner, having in Jerusalem appealed unto Cæsar before Felix. The whole party was in high spirits as they glided over the sea under such agreeable circumstances. Master Tommy Dart, however, was an exception; he was not the coxswain now, but had to remain on board and attend to navigation. Conversation on the exciting topics of the day occupied Sir Hugh and the Commander as they were being conveyed from Valetta to Koura Point, the first headland they were to touch at, interspersed with observations on the characteristics of the island, as they passed the different beautiful indentations or bays, and magnificent promontories.

The position of England at this time, gave rise to much conversation between these two men.

Pitt, the minister, was censured for his Government, especially in not creating a navy with more frigates, especially as now it became evident that the first awful act of the great drama of the French Revolution was played out by the destruction of the French fleet at Aboukir by Nelson, and confirmed since by the defeat of Napoleon at St. Jean d'Acre by Sir Sidney Smith. It was now known that the extraordinary ability of Napoleon had crushed *sans-culottism*, and that by his successes he had made it quite apparent that he would assume the imperial purple, and rule France by military glory. It was known and felt that there was now a check to Napoleon's plans, and that he recognized it when he gave expression on the shores of Carmel in gloomy repinings that fortune had denied him another seat of empire on the Euphrates, the Bosphorus, and the Indus. He had now manifested his insatiable ambition, and had, to some extent, recovered his prestige by the celebrated battle of the Pyramids, where, by destroying the Mamelukes, he exterminated the first Turkish Army sent to recover Egypt from French possession. His abandoning his army and leaving Kleber in command, was severely censured by the Commander of the

'Hercules,' but was otherwise reviewed by Sir Hugh. He expressed himself warmly that Napoleon would now centre all his efforts to assuage France and rule her by glory in a European war; and that soon, if Pitt were the minister he took him to be, they would quickly hear of alliances between England, Russia, Austria, and Prussia. Sir Hugh deplored the condition of Ireland, which would render England's condition more anxious and arduous, and mourned over the day when he saw the currency debased and one-pound notes issued instead of gold, and taking its place to an unlimited extent. With these reflections they became convinced that the Channel Fleet would soon be augmented, and that the Continent would be closed against Englishmen.

"I expect the 'Hercules' will soon be ordered home," remarked the first lieutenant, "as she was not at Aboukir."

"Were you not in the 'Hercules'?" said Blanche, "I thought this terrible but beautiful ship took part in the great fight."

"Oh no," said Mr. Tregarthen, "the ship I was in was named the 'Orion.'"

"And what became of her?" inquired Blanche.

"Well," laughingly said Merlin, "what became of her?"

"Yes," said Blanche, "what became of her? I have been under the impression that sailors become very much attached to their ships and sometimes call them their mistresses, and I should have thought that the association would be such that you would become more attached than ever to the 'Orion';" but she said, laughingly, "Perhaps she fell into the hands of the French, or sank in the fight?"

"Neither!" said Merlen, "but she had some blows which most likely have been the cause of finishing her career, and laying her up for ever."

"And were you in the thickest of the fight, Mr. Tregarthen?" Blanche said; "it must have been awful."

What reply Merlin would have made is not known, it might have betrayed very much of feeling, but he was spared. Koura Point had been arrived at, and Merlin was now required to take the command of the little picnic expedition, and conduct it across the strait, taking the various depths by soundings on to Salmonetta. The clergyman of course made one of the party, armed on all points to maintain the integrity of the sacred narrative. He had his chart with the various depths of 15 fathoms and 20 fathoms marked on

it, and at every confirmation from the soundings, the good man gave vent to his feelings in exuberant expressions of gratitude and delight. The clergyman was satisfied, and would have liked to have brought the investigation to a conclusion, perhaps fearing some difficulty might arise which would mar the completeness of it, but Sir Hugh, the Commander, and Tregarthen had no such feelings to contend with. They came to be satisfied, and satisfied they were; for the more they examined the locality, the more it answered to St. Luke's description. "Enough!" was constantly on the lips of the clergyman, but these experienced seamen would not listen to him until they could, by logical conclusions formed by inductive reasoning, fix on the very creek answering to the requirements of the sacred account.

Sir Hugh now enthusiastically quoted the words of Felix to Paul, "'To Cæsar you have appealed, and to Cæsar you shall go!' so say I;" he continued, "to Paul's Bay we have come to test the truth of Scripture, and test the truth we will;" and having at last satisfied themselves that this place answered all the conditions to fix it as the site of Paul's shipwreck, the worthy clergyman informed them as his share, that there is now

an incidental confirmation of the truth of the sacred narrative, by the fact of a ship having been wrecked here.

Thus ended the investigation and brought to a satisfactory conclusion the subject which had arisen in conversation in consequence of the visit to the island.

Sir Hugh Laity abandoned all further intention of continuing his travels; the East was too unsettled, and the Continent was again in feverish expectation of a further outburst of war; and as the 'Hercules' had been ordered to make one in the Channel Fleet, he was glad to accept the invitation to proceed to England in her, instead of travelling homewards through Italy and running the risk of being stopped, and possibly imprisoned, if war, now daily feared, broke out between France and England.

The 'Hercules' sailed out into the Mediterranean, and majestically glided over the sometimes smooth and beautiful sea. It was a time of pleasure to Merlin; he was dreaming the happy hours away, and unconsciously there were growing up between him and Blanche feelings of the tenderest complexion. Opportunity was constantly occurring for conversation, and especially

at evening time, when the dinner hour was over and the day's work concluded on board the ship. Many little attentions which materially added to the comfort of Blanche, Merlin was enabled to bestow on her, which made havoc with her feelings already infected; and Blanche came at last, as the ship made her way towards Gibraltar, to look forward to the evenings, not only as the pleasantest part of the day, but as the time when she might hold converse with Merlin, and listen to his tales of humour and scenes of adventure, often ludicrous enough, and indulge her secret feelings, and give out from her loving nature something which attracted Merlin to her, and made him also long for the evening hour, when he could be at her side.

Master Tommy Dart suffered a great disappointment when he became aware that Clémence would leave them at Gibraltar, and proceed from thence to her home, somewhere in the province of Languedoc. Master Tommy had learnt a little French at school, and now found its importance by talking or endeavouring to talk with Clémence. Poor Tommy was always repulsed by Clémence not understanding him, but this only incited him to more endeavours, for he would

return to the charge after having been, as he called it, digging at the French all day, and entirely at the sentences which he prepared especially for Clémence. Master Tommy Dart's duty was to pay every attention to the ladies, and act somewhat in the capacity of page to Blanche, which duty was very agreeable to Master Tommy, as he made it the excuse of relief from duty. He was aware, the urchin, that he, or his antics, were amusing to Blanche, and he soon discovered that Mr. Tregarthen was aware of it also; and Master Tommy Dart did not fail to make the most of his discovery, as he considered it, for his own special ease, comfort, and advantage. Master Tommy Dart had made the discovery that Clémence disliked the sea, and had a decided dislike to seasickness, of which she had a little experience. Master Dart's last French study consisted in getting up a frightful account of the Bay of Biscay, intending to frighten Clémence, presuming on her credulity, and which, like Othello, taking a pliant moment, he attempted to pour into her ear, which Clémence, not at all comprehending, called him as usual, her "*pauvre enfant,*" which somehow reached the ears of his companions, and taken advantage of by one of them at their mess,

either inadvertently, or, which is more likely, designedly, to hurt his feelings, by requesting his "*pauvre enfant*" to hand him over some duff, which so outrageously offended the dignity of Master Tommy Dart that, in consequence therefrom of a black eye, he was unable to appear before the Commander. He was placed on the sick list, and was, as he had said many a time and oft, when sent up aloft in disgrace, "out of sight, and out of mind!"

The 'Hercules,' once out of the Mediterranean and in the Atlantic,with a fine breeze, soon made the English coast. Sir Hugh Laity and his daughter Blanche now found themselves again in their own country, and experienced a sense of security when they arrived at Tregarthen Hall.

CHAPTER IX.

"She came in all her beauty, like the moon from the cloud of the east. Loveliness was around her as light. Her steps were like the music of songs. She saw the youth, and loved him. He was the stolen sigh of her soul. Her blue eyes rolled on him in secret, and she blest the chief of Morven."—MACPHERSON'S '*Ossian.*'

THE last chapter finished with the arrival of Sir Hugh Laity and his daughter Blanche at Tregarthen Hall. This chapter opens with the welcome afforded to them by the establishment in particular, and the inhabitants of St. Keverne, including the tenantry of Sir Hugh, in general. The news of their arrival spread rapidly through the little community, and all rejoiced,—the poor, because the bounteous generosity towards them would be renewed on its accustomed scale, and the belief that they would have a munificent benefactress in the Lady Blanche, as they called

her now that she had come home to preside at Tregarthen Hall. "Have you seen Sir Hugh and the Lady Blanche?" were the inquiries made and answered. Some had not, others had; the younger portion, from whatever cause, had of course,—they are generally the favourites of fortune in sightseeing, perhaps because of their sight-watching; many, however, of the sons and daughters of the fishermen at the Coves had seen the carriage arrive at the Lodge gate, and told their mothers they saw it opened by old Anthony Penfield himself, and heard Miss Blanche say to him, "I am glad to see you, Anthony!" and Sir Hugh said, "God bless you, my old friend!" One of these sea-urchins, having told this to his mother at Cadgwith Cove, strolled up to St. Keverne Church Town for a game of pitch-and-toss with his companions, and was immediately seized by mine host of the 'Rose and Crown,' and made to repeat the same tale to the then frequenters of the public-house. The news was now confirmed, and afforded the opportunity of more drinking by those who were so disposed.

At the Hall everything was in readiness, and Blanche was full of gladness and in the highest spirits when she received the welcomes and

hearty congratulations of the household. None dared say how she was grown, and how beautiful she looked, or make any comment of the like nature to her. Her father had provided against all that by educating her abroad,—the intermediate stage of her young girlhood, when such attentions would have been natural, and such expressions of goodwill permitted, was passed. She passed away a little girl, and now returned a full-grown lady. Blanche reaped the full advantage of her father's arrangement the moment she arrived; no one said, "Oh, Miss Blanche, well to be sure, how well you look, how you are grown!" Nor did any of the old and privileged domestics and dependants presume to kiss her, and remind her of her wild-flower picking days. Blanche was mistress of Tregarthen Hall,—that was known at once; some were glad, and some were sorry; some predicted the housekeeper would leave in a month, others vented their spleen by saying, "Some they knew would be taken down a peg, and would no longer ride their high horses—no, not they!" The arrival of Blanche was necessary for the internal peace of Tregarthen Hall, that is quite clear, not only that there might be work for the household, but that they

might be governed. There was one exception, and one only, to the respect engendered by the absence of Blanche, and that was Dr. Fergus; he was a privileged person, had maintained a correspondence with her, and informed her of the sayings and doings of her native home, whereby Blanche had a knowledge of everybody connected with St. Keverne, and had unconsciously acquired an interest in and a love for them which she otherwise would not.

Dr. Fergus was at the Hall when the carriage drove up to the front or grand entrance, and was the foremost to welcome Sir Hugh; and the meeting was such as the meeting of friends should be. On Blanche tripping into the Hall, the Doctor was prepared with an expression of cynical wit, wherein he was wont to conceal his kindness; but the elegant woman, so full of grace, so like her mother, and yet so like her father, abashed him, as he had pictured a being altogether different. He now stood still, and gazed at her without speaking; whilst Blanche, who knew him and honoured him, held out her hands, and with a charming freedom from all affectation, said, "Dear Doctor, this is kind." The Doctor's hand trembled as he took off his

spectacles, and his voice was thick, as he now conducted her to the reception saloon. Blanche soon retired to view her domain, under the superintendence of the housekeeper, who had been there for many years, even before Blanche was born; and as she hastily passed through the suites of rooms, she frequently gave expressions of pleasure, as she remembered this ornament, or associated that with some event long gone by. Blanche won her housekeeper, and she was happy; and well she might be, for when the escutcheon hung over the entrance, and when all was gloom within, the routine of the house was maintained with perfect regularity under her management.

Dr. Fergus was full of news, he hardly knew where to begin, so as to be at all congruous in his local narratives; but when the ebullition had somewhat subsided, he inquired after young Tregarthen, and was delighted with the account Sir Hugh gave of him, and the pleasure he had received when in his company. This set the Doctor thinking; his mind was at once bent on examining the reasons for Sir Hugh's feelings on ethical principles, but couldn't; he could only do so "*au naturel*," and this perturbation of mind made

him ask a question of Sir Hugh regarding the future prospects of Merlin Tregarthen, for he had been a correspondent of his, although his opportunities of either writing to him or hearing from him had been infrequent. He was perfectly acquainted with his state of mind, and more than once had to evade very pertinent questions by all the dexterity of his cynicism, and he embraced this opportunity of inquiring after the young man's prospects, in the certain assurance that he would discover they were neither obscured nor forgotten.

Sir Hugh thanked him for past kindnesses, and replied by saying, "the future was dark, but nevertheless he had been informed by a letter waiting his arrival at the Hall, from his old friend the Commander of the 'Hercules,' that he had so highly recommended Merlin—he called him Merlin—to the First Lord of the Admiralty that it was arranged to promote him to the command of a frigate, but on account of his youth this promotion for the present was held in abeyance. In the meantime, however," Sir Hugh said, "his activity is such that he is allowed to be just the man the Admiralty requires to take the command of one of the Revenue cutters

which are to be better equipped than hitherto, not so much to prevent smuggling as to guard the shores, by being swift to convey intelligence to the Fleet in case of alarm."

"Is the appointment made?" asked the Doctor; "I do hope Merlin Tregarthen will be appointed to a sloop in this locality."

"I believe not," Sir Hugh said, "but I infer it will soon be, and I think it very likely we shall soon see something of him in our neighbourhood."

"Will he visit the Hall?" abruptly asked the Doctor.

"Most certainly," said Sir Hugh, very pointedly; "as Mr. Merlin Tregarthen, Commander of the—"

"Whatever she may be called," broke in the Doctor, in his usual impulsive way.

Sir Hugh continued, and said, "And as the late First Lieutenant of the 'Hercules,' whom I met, and became acquainted with when at Malta."

The two men understood each other, and the Doctor had his cue. The bell was rung, and the Doctor was driven home in a pony phaeton. He would have walked to St. Keverne, and mused as he walked along in the moonlight between the old avenue of trees, and out across the Moor, of old

times; but Tregarthen Hall had a mistress now, and her phaeton rapidly rolled the good and trusted Dr. Fergus to his home at St. Keverne, where some message was waiting him to attend a poor fisherman's child at one of the coves, miles away. Discharging the phaeton, he mounted 'Scrubby,' his trotting nag, and rode off with the countenance of cheerfulness, and the words of kindness underneath his voice, as he entered the cottage in his profession he loved so well, and honoured so much.

The bells of St. Keverne rang very merrily on the following Sunday morning, a glorious day, and very pleasant was it to Sir Hugh and Blanche to meet the villagers and the tenants; in a word, the congregation of St. Keverne; and receive their warm-hearted welcomes as the bells merrily sounded the summons to the old church. The old family pew, distinguished from the rest by the Tregarthen arms, "the White Horse carved in oak," was full; for Mr. and Mrs. Trevernen, with Evered and Helen, had come over.

Cordial were the greetings between the two families, and affectionately so between Blanche and Helen, who now met for the first time. The church choir, consisting of a flute, clarinet and

bass viol, with assistant choristers, were in great excitement. The congregation was unusually large; old Dr. Carnsew had put on a clean surplice, and they felt they were on their mettle. There were some little tuning and arrangings going on, and continued so until the very moment when the minister entered the reading-desk. Then all was quiet; the Sunday-school children became still, and old Anthony Penfield, the beadle, laid aside his long stick, with which he used to keep silence by patting the merry rogues of boys and girls on their heads; but, as the clerk, with whom a little natural jealousy existed, maintained, he used "just a thought too much." The Prayer-books of the congregation were opened, and they stood up, when the little village choir chanted, "Unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given," and then the service fully commenced, and ended to the satisfaction of all.

The union of the two families now commenced on their coming out of the old church. The minister and Dr. Fergus joined them with mutual congratulations, and accompanied them to Tregarthen Hall. Naturally the little company divided itself into two bands, as they walked out

of the little village; the congregation the while scattering itself in every direction over the beautiful country. The elders were clustered by themselves, leaving Blanche and Helen, accompanied by Evered, to walk by themselves. Helen had all to say, she was full of delight at her prospects. In obedience to her impulses, she revelled in language, and sketched out plans for their gay to-morrows. Blanche was equally hearty and sincere in her reciprocations; and thus the two cousins walked towards Tregarthen Hall, almost within view of old Kitty Keskeys' cottage, towards which Blanche cast a hasty glance, and passed within a stone's throw of the old well of St. Ruan, which they heard murmuring still, and grumbling over its obstructions on its way to its home in the ocean depths. Blanche had seen old Kitty at church, and did not miss the opportunity of greeting her, and stating that very soon she would pay her a visit, and gently chided her for staying away from the Hall. Old Kitty's eyes glistened with delight, and murmured some unintelligible excuse for her absence. She had her reasons for absenting herself on the occasion, when every one in some kind manner expressed their congratulations and welcomes on

their return home; but now the Trevernens were present, and she kept herself in the shade. She did not know of the meeting at Malta, nor of the return of the 'Hercules,' but she had a kind of intuitive instinct and belief that Sir Hugh and Blanche had seen Merlin in their journey.

On their passing the well, Evered found his opportunity to take part in the conversation, and he did so by asking Blanche if she had heard of Fred Power, his college chum. Blanche apologetically answered that as yet she had not; and turning to Helen, expressed her desire to hear all about him. Evered intimated that he was rather smitten with Helen, and then narrated the scene at the well. Blanche did not appear very much interested; she did not know Power, and had only now made the acquaintance of her cousins; there was besides so much of earnestness fused into the jocularity intended to be raised in the description at Power's expense, who was now absent, that Blanche's enthusiasm was not excited, and the subject dropped out of sight, as the well did, as they walked away from it.

Lunch was served, and the party conversed together on the subjects of local interest, the Doctor constantly creating a smile at his sole-

cisms. He felt himself privileged, and he enjoyed himself after his own peculiar fashion; now bantering with Helen, opposing her mamma, and creating mirth from his humorous manner of narrating his amusing anecdotes.

Mrs. Trevernen had now an opportunity of becoming acquainted with her niece, "My own niece," as she called her. Blanche promised her aunt, of course, to be a frequent visitor at Lamorna House, especially as her cousin Helen would be there. This was all very agreeable to Mrs. Trevernen, as she thought, "Blanche and Helen will be friends. Blanche staying with Helen, and Helen with her." With this hope, and the prospect of Evered being in business with his father, she enjoyed her lunch at her brother's in the bosom of her family, as she was in the habit of saying on very pleasant domestic occasions. With this beautiful vision, when the afternoon came she was quite ready to go to church again, and hear the good old Dr. Carnsew, and dream dreams of her Evered sitting in this very pew with Blanche by his side, a happy couple, and she the happiest of mothers, as the worthy Doctor expatiated on his text, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

On their return to Lamorna House, Mrs. Trevernen not having lost the effects of her delicious dream in church, believed this a very opportune moment to introduce the subject dear to her heart, and confer with her husband about the future of her Evered. She divulged her plan, and displayed her hopes.

"My dear," Mr. Trevernen said, "you have been dreaming."

"Well, my dear," she said, "if I have, I am awake now, and have dreamt a very pleasant dream. What do you think of Blanche?" she asked.

This rather discomposed Mr. Trevernen, and he was unprepared with an answer; but it did not matter, Mrs. Trevernen filled up the hiatus, and told him "She was beautiful, and must become the *belle* of the county."

"Then," said Mr. Trevernen, "there is an end of your plans, and Evered had better be a lawyer, and I'll have him articled to Sir Hugh's lawyers in London, where he will have every advantage, and the indirect interest of his uncle."

"My dear," almost tearfully, Mrs. Trevernen said, "Evered is not fit for a lawyer; to send him away is preposterous,—he must join you and

win Blanche, and become master at Tregarthen; and in saying this, Trevernen, I am solely influenced by my affection for Blanche as her aunt."

Mr. Trevernen was a man of business; he did not for a moment doubt the sincerity of his wife, or call into question her undoubted right, as the aunt of Blanche, to entertain such feelings, but he had little belief that his wife's views would ever be realized, or her apparent manœuvres—for he spoke plain language to himself—would be successful, from the very cause that his niece would become the *belle* of the county, and therefore courted by the wealthy. Evered's chances he considered worthless; but nevertheless he thought, after all, his son had better become a man of business; it would coincide with his mother's arrangements, and save expense. Evered Trevernen became a merchant, and the firm now became Trevernen and Son.

At a very early date invitations were sent out from Lamorna House for an evening party. There were two reasons for it; the first, to celebrate the return of Sir Hugh Laity to Tregarthen Hall, with Blanche as its mistress; the second, to commemorate auspiciously Evered's partnership with his father. This arrangement was con-

ceived by Mrs. Trevernen, it was an opportunity to associate her darling son with her niece, and to be made the most of.

Helen was taken into her mother's confidence, and acquiesced in the idea. Both mother and daughter were agreed on the propriety of it, and if not actually expressed, it was understood between them that these were the reasons for the party; and Mrs. Trevernen was well pleased, as she made her preparations on a scale hitherto undreamt of, at her first effort of diplomacy at this very early stage of their reunion, and so soon after Blanche's arrival. There were no refusals, and when the evening arrived Lamorna House was brilliantly lighted up, and full to overflowing. Dancing commenced at about seven, then the hour. Evered and Blanche, to Mrs. Trevernen's delight, led off the first dance, leaving Helen with young Carglaze, from the eastern part of the county, who had come to Pendeen on purpose to join the party in honour of his friend Evered, for their *vis-à-vis*. Helen was dressed with great care, her quick perceptions assuring her that she would excite criticism from contrast with her cousin. She studied appearance, although she depended on her na-

tive self; for she felt in Blanche she had a rival for supremacy. Blanche, on the other hand, was unconscious of this feeling; her maid had dressed her, and when she entered the ball-room her mind was perfectly free from any thoughts respecting her appearance. She knew she was dressed for a party, and there was an end of the matter.

During the dance the distinguishing characteristics of the cousins shone out. Helen was all animation, interspersing her dancing with witty and lively conversation. Blanche resigned herself to her partner, and more particularly confined her dance-talk to him. Others were dancing and enjoying themselves after their fashion. The room was now crowded, and dance succeeded dance, with the ever-varying change of partners. Evered shone, he possessed the same kind of ability as his sister, and it must be confessed, he was a very eligible and agreeable partner. He had sense, too, and did not encroach on good taste by indiscreet attentions. On the contrary, he was assiduous in helping his friends to partners, and introducing them to his cousin and his sister for dancing engagements. Evered waltzed with Blanche, and here, if anywhere, he betrayed

a feeling which, for the first time, came over him, that he would rather she had never come home, and that he had never seen her; for he perceived she received a kind of homage from each of her partners which his sister, with all her powers, failed to command from hers. Helen was all brilliancy and very captivating, fascinating many who were dazzled by her quick wit and repartee. Blanche, when she rose to take her place in the dance, attracted general attention, and caused distraction to Helen's listeners. This more than once piqued her, and gave a sharpness, if not a sting, to her wit, which caused her an effort to efface. Why was it so? Helen was Blanche's first cousin, and her own mother a Laity. True, but she was also a Trevernen, and Blanche was sole mistress at Tregarthen. Wayside public-houses were called the 'Tregarthen Arms.' Vessels trading on the high seas were called the 'Tregarthen;' old fishing-boats rotting on the seashore, falling to pieces wherever the wild Atlantics spent their fury on them, scattering their fragments, showed 'Tregarthen' painted on them. Old crumbling churchyard memorials used now for farm purposes, for cows to scratch themselves on, for troughs for

swine to feed from, retained fragments of the Tregarthen coat of arms. Helen comprehended it in her exertions to vie with her cousin. Blanche was unconscious of it, as she won admirers by the genial flow of her conversation and the quiet repose of her deportment.

At the breaking-up of a rubber, Mr. Trevernen mentioned to Sir Hugh the business capacity of his son, and intimated that with an addition of capital, they could extend their transactions. He mentioned they were about to open a mine, which had been reported on by the most scientific miners of the day as a very eligible investment and certain to be productive of great results. He also sketched out a plan of smelting the mineral, instead of selling it in that condition, and hinted that if Sir Hugh would facilitate his design by assistance and become a sleeping partner, it would be without risk and conducive to his interest. Sir Hugh thought well of the project, and promised to consider it, and speak to his lawyers and steward to see if there was any unemployed capital. With this half promise the conversation dropped.

Mrs. Trevernen had, on the breaking-up of the rubber, found out Blanche and sat by her side,

requesting Evered to fetch an ice. She rejoiced that her dear Blanche looked so well. She reminded her this evening particularly of her dear mamma. She hoped she was not fatigued, and that she was enjoying herself. Evered now brought his mamma the refreshment. "Can Evered fetch you anything?" said Mrs. Trevernen.

"No, dear Aunt, thank you," said Blanche. "We are spending a delightful evening, and I see Papa and the Doctor are enjoying themselves."

"Ah," said Mrs. Trevernen, "what should we do without Doctor Fergus!"

"Ah, indeed!" said Blanche.

"Do you know, Blanche," she continued, "the Doctor admired your waltzing; he said it is not the English style."

"Indeed, Aunt," Blanche said. "I never thought about it. I suppose it must be the French style, as it was in Paris I was taught dancing."

"Very likely, my dear," said Mrs. Trevernen. "But how well you managed with Evered. You are the best pair of waltzers in the room. I wonder where Evered could have learnt the style."

"Well, I do not know, Aunt; perhaps at college!"

"Ah, I dare say, my dear. But I should almost have thought you had been practising together."

"Oh no, dear Aunt," Blanche said; "I never danced with Cousin Evered before to-night."

Here the conversation was abruptly broken off, for, just as Mrs. Trevernen was about to speak of her hopes and fears of her only son, and express her satisfaction at the prospects so auspiciously opening out to him, the music began, dancing was resumed, and Blanche was claimed by her partner.

Helen's spirits began to flag. She was secretly wishing Power was here, when the Doctor came up and rallied her. Supper was now announced, and Evered of course chaperoned his cousin Blanche. Doctor Fergus and young Carglaze had a humorous misunderstanding, as the Doctor pretended to a prior claim of escorting Helen, that of age; but at the right moment he relinquished her, and found a partner amongst the throng. Sir Hugh conducted his sister, and happy was she with her brother gracing her rooms on this occasion. The usual clattering of plates, inter-

spersed with conversation, commingled with *bon-bons* with their love mottoes, took place. Mr. Trevernen, as customary, made a speech, and Sir Hugh made another, and gradually the party began to thin. Sir Hugh retired, leaving Blanche to pay a short visit with her aunt. The Doctor didn't; he made up his mind to make a night of it, and sleep at a friend's at Pendeen who was present,—his chief reason being to take a part in Sir Roger de Coverley, which he did to his great delight.

It was early in the morning when the party broke up, but at last Lamorna House was left alone with its inmates. The Trevernen family, including Blanche, retired to Mr. Trevernen's study, as it was called, where they chatted over the events of the evening and made their comments thereon. Every little attention that could be thought of which might be conducive to the comfort of Blanche, and engage her affection for her relations, was of course offered, but beyond the usual courteous expressions of gratification it was evident to the quick sense of Helen, as well as to her mother, that their aim had hardly been accomplished. Helen felt in her heart of hearts envious of her cousin. Why need she be? They

lived in two social hemispheres, that was it. Helen wanted Blanche to descend to hers, and then she might more than equal her by mere force of intellect; but she knew Blanche would finish her visit, kiss her aunt, thank them, and then go home to Tregarthen, and be in her own orbit. Helen had attempted to impress her cousin with her individuality, win her confidence and become her intimate associate, forcing her to seek her counsel and judgment for her guidance. But Blanche was unimpressionable to her impulsive Helen! To Helen's perception it was clear her mother's hopes were futile regarding Evered. She more than thought, she believed, that Blanche had left her heart in Paris or elsewhere. She half suspected that she had seen Merlin Tregarthen, though she had no ground for such a suspicion. The time for retirement at last came, and the two cousins left together, Helen accompanying Blanche to her sleeping apartment, and lingered there until she could linger no longer under any pretence whatever. Helen kissed her cousin good-night, and the opportunity for intimacy was gone, the only time when she might have tried to win her, and when the two could exchange confidential senti-

ments; when Blanche might have placed her loving arm over her shoulder, and they might have sympathized with each other, and commenced in reality the friendship which this party was intended to bring about. Blanche, it may be supposed, was very tired, and very soon went to sleep, regretting that Clémence wasn't there to relieve her of various needful arrangements consequent on the party, but which she allowed to remain for Priscilla to perform in the morning. Priscilla was Mrs. Trevernen's housemaid in part, and Miss Helen's lady's-maid in part, lent to Blanche on this occasion. Helen, it may be presumed, went to her bed, and finally to sleep, but not until her brain was weary with thinking.

Dr. Fergus paid a morning-call at Lamorna House on his way to St. Keverne; it was late, but breakfast was not over. Mr. Trevernen was about to depart for his house of business, but like a thoughtful and obedient husband he expressed his belief that, as young Mr. Carglaze was here, and also so many ladies, with their wants, he supposed he need not expect Evered to attend to business for that day. This was quite agreeable to Mrs. Trevernon and to Evered, who hoped he would have some opportunity of ingra-

tiating himself with his cousin, which circumstances denied him in the last evening. Evered was unhappy. He knew the hopes of his mother, and that he had her powerful influence to favour his passion; but he also knew that he had hitherto failed to awaken any sympathy in the mind of his cousin Blanche towards himself, which had been so seriously awakened in his own heart towards her, irrespective of family position. Perhaps Evered's heart was not the only one influenced after the party. Helen, with all her *badinage* was not the disturber of the peace that Blanche had been.

Dr. Fergus, as usual, was full of bustle and full of news. He had seen the 'Gazette,' and read that Merlin Tregarthen was appointed to the command of the 'Sylvia' revenue cutter, and that she was about to be docked and refitted with heavier armour to protect the coast.

This was news. Blanche coloured deeply in spite of her visible effort to conceal her emotion, which did not escape the watchful eyes of her aunt. But both Mrs. Trevernen and Helen failed to discover by her manner wherein her interest for Merlin consisted, but they knew now of a certainty that it existed, and were suspicious.

On Dr. Fergus leaving, the earliest opportunity was taken to introduce the subject by Helen. She asked Blanche, "what she knew about Merlin, and whether she had not met him abroad?"

Blanche had but little time for consideration. The question was asked so naturally, and yet so quickly, that it required all her presence of mind to be guarded in her reply. She knew it was designedly asked, and therefore, without any hesitation and recovering her self-possession, she stated, "that she had met him at Malta as one of the officers on board the 'Hercules,'" and concluded a succinct narrative by informing her aunt that it was in this ship she came to England from Malta with her father. There was so much of decision and frankness in the reply of Blanche that it prevented any further inquiry from Mrs. Trevernen without her being rude and infringing on the limited confidence as yet existing; and it wounded Helen to the quick, and made her feel that with all her talent she could not break down that reserve and self-possession which her cousin assumed from the first and sustained until now.

Evered and Carglaze sauntered through the town, killing time as best they could after the

last night's dancing. Blanche and Helen made a few calls and a few trifling purchases, when the carriage arrived with Sir Hugh to take Blanche home.

After the departure of Blanche, and at tea-time, when the Trevernens were alone, they freely discussed the incidents of their party. All were low-spirited; the party had gone off brilliantly; but at last the one subject which deeply interested them came up. It was long delayed, but when Blanche's name was mentioned there was a positive relief. They all admired her, and found it difficult to pick her to pieces; in dress and manners she was irreproachable. They would like to love her and appropriate her bodily for themselves, with her aunt for her protectress, Helen for her most intimate friend, and Evered for her accepted lover. They were disappointed, their views were frustrated, their hopes had vanished, and they were in low spirits.

"Who is Merlin Tregarthen," asked Evered, "the bastard, that he should be again on my path and crossing my purposes!" With this explosion he left the room, to meditate, perhaps to vow revenge.

It was clear that Merlin's position in life was

to be that of a gentleman, and there was in the family now an undisguised unanimity of opinion that Sir Hugh was his great friend; the reason was not expressed by words, but made apparent by signs. Helen could not conceive it possible that Blanche had any interest in Merlin beyond what would be agreeable to her uncle. "Nor can it be likely," she said, "from what she could have seen of the young *parvenu* in the very subordinate position he held on board the ship—"

"Perhaps after all, my dear," said Mrs. Trevernen, "we are all wrong in our surmises and opinions," addressing herself to Helen. "I noticed Blanche blushed and was disconcerted when Dr. Fergus so inconsiderately introduced this young man's name, but she may have learnt something of his parentage, and may have felt awkward at the inconvenience that possibly might arise if he should come here, and my brother should be so inconsistent as to recognize him and introduce him, because of the very temporary acquaintance he formed with him when abroad."

"Ah, that's it," said Mr. Trevernen; "you have been too hard on Blanche. She's a bonny girl," and he finished his tea. "Where's

Evered?" he inquired; "he was here just now. I want to confer with him about the new mine."

But Evered did not come, for he and his sister were having a *tête-à-tête* conversation. Helen discovered that Evered was in love with Blanche, and was jealous, as she expressed herself to him, "of a nobody," referring to Merlin. Evered discovered that Helen was envious of Blanche, and was now encountering her first trial in life. Blanche had been the *belle* of the evening!

CHAPTER X.

"The pangs of despised love."—HAMLET.

THE scene of this story changes to Tregarthen Hall, where Blanche is its presiding genius, winning golden opinions from all with whom she comes in contact. She exults in her freedom, and rejoices the heart of her father with her narratives of the ways of the people about them. Sir Hugh, of course, knew he was respected and looked up to, but he was hardly aware that he was held in such esteem; he did not know his measure before, but he attributed all to Blanche. Amidst her visitations old Kitty had not been forgotten. Blanche, during the short period since her arrival, had constantly visited her, sometimes in company with her father in their walks, who made it a duty to visit the cottage, now so much improved that it bore but a very

little resemblance to the little cottage old Kitty retired to years ago. In fine weather, Sir Hugh was accustomed to sit on an easy-chair, called Sir Hugh's chair, and placed for him in the porch, covered with jasmine and clematis, where he chatted with his old dependant, and told her the news of the day as he took out from the great pockets of his woodland dress the London newspaper, and read it there in the midst of his walks in his beautiful estate, Blanche the while busying herself in teaching a little orphan from one of the coves whose father had been drowned in a pitiless storm, and who had ever since been an inmate at the cottage. Old Kitty could never get on without children; she always had a trouble, as she called it, and would be cross and scolding betimes; but, nevertheless, a child was her pet, the same as a dog or a cat might be to another, the reason being she was fond of children; the children knew it, and were attracted to her; and although she chided them, yet she gave them their sweetie. Blanche listened attentively whenever she heard any conversation concerning Merlin; it generally happened, she noticed, when she was teaching, or about some little matter for old Kitty, which called her away from the porch,

or it ceased, not abruptly, but quickly; it died out as it were for the want of interest; or as if the subject were ended, whenever she returned to join in the conversation. Blanche very soon ingratiated herself with old Kitty, and found pleasure in visiting her at times alone. Blanche had never yet availed herself of any of her opportunities when at the cottage alone to talk about Merlin, her courage failed her; she knew, of course, that here was the home of his infancy, and she trembled when she thought how often this had been the real motive of her frequent visits, whilst they were concealed under various pretexts. Old Kitty understood it, and trembled, too, when she thought of the consequences. She had hitherto discouraged any disposition on the part of Blanche to talk about Merlin, but now he was coming home, and under very advantageous circumstances, and would be received at the Hall, therefore old Kitty resolved to be no longer mysterious, but to allow Blanche to break the ice of reserve whenever she liked to put her foot on it. It was very thin and very brittle, and therefore soon broken. Little Beda had finished her spelling lesson, and had taken the pitcher to the well for some water. Blanche perceived the

altered manner of old Kitty, and went to her with the simplicity and sincerity of a child; she put her loving hands on her shoulders, looked her in the face, and would have spoken, but tears rained from her eyes; they told her tale, not words. In the storm drops Blanche found relief.

The ice was now broken, and Blanche had at last found to her consolation that she was very dear to old Kitty. She sat by the old woman's side, and told her how she was beset with trouble on every side since she had become mistress at the Hall,—how she discovered the intentions of her aunt and cousins, what a puppet they intended to make of her,—how they had tried to extort the secrets of her soul,—how suspicious they were, and how they formed conclusions from her every act and her every word. All this old Kitty heard without any emotion; she could have told Blanche all this, and much more; but when Blanche spoke of Merlin, described him, portrayed his character as he was esteemed in the world with a glow of eloquence altogether new to her—when she told of her mysterious feelings when she was introduced to him by her father at Malta—when she described his standing

before her, as if she was in some mysterious manner linked to him—when she felt as if his spirit beckoned to her, and she followed as his shadow—and when she told of their evening meetings on board the 'Hercules,' old Kitty trembled and wept! Blanche had poured out the secrets of her soul; they flowed like the waters from the old well when in storm and rain they hurried heedlessly on their pathway to the deep.

Old Kitty abruptly left Blanche for a moment; what could she do? But for one fatal obstruction her path would be clear, her duty plain, and fearless of consequences, and strong in the justice of her cause, she would have encouraged Blanche, and would have aided her, even to death! What could she do? the obstruction was fatal! She knew she had some claim on Sir Hugh's generosity, and some influence with him, but how could she tell him of this? He was sorrowful enough already, and required all the balm of consolation she could administer to him in his moments of remorse. He had made great reparation; she told him so again and again at the porch door, when Blanche was teaching little Beda. "Merlin," she said, "was a credit to him; if he had been a torment, then he might

be cast down." But, alas, Sir Hugh saw himself in Merlin; and when he heard his merits catalogued, he wanted to say, "That's my son!" and he couldn't; and old Kitty's soporifics were hardly equal to the emergency, and how could she tell him this? It would break his heart, and the old tree would fall before its time, and then it would be, that—

> "St. Ruan would cease to flow,
> The heirs of Tregarthen become as white as snow,"

she said, reciting the old spell. She had made up her mind that "it mustn't be," "it couldn't be;" and therefore she returned to Blanche, and began to play a part. She told her of old family feuds; misery from unhappy marriages, and wretchedness from unequal and improper ones.

"Why improper, Kitty?" tearfully asked Blanche. "I judge there is the bar sinister across Merlin's escutcheon, but what of that,—why should the sin be visited on him, on us, Kitty? You haven't seen him since he left; look on him now, Kitty, and ask yourself by the memories of your girlhood days, and they say they were blithe enough, whether he is not worthy to be the love of any honest-hearted girl? You weep, Kitty. Oh, help us—you can!"

"But has Merlin spoken to you, my child? Has he so far forgotten—"

"No, Kitty, no! he would never speak; but his heart's hopes and heart's joys are all known to me; it is for me to—"

"Enough, my child, enough!" said Kitty. "It can never be!"

"Never?" said Blanche.

"Never!" said Kitty, and turned away, leaving Blanche in perplexity of mind and sorrow of soul.

Blanche, now seeing little Beda struggling through the porch with her pitcher of water, bids old Kitty farewell, and departs with tears in her eyes. Lingering for a while at the well, sitting on the moss-covered stone musing, perhaps a tear now and again mingling with the turbid water, like with like, both breaking forth from their troubled homes,—her thoughts wander, and she recalls the visit of the Trevernens to this place, and remembers Helen's account of it, and wonders whether Power was so smitten with her as she had been given to comprehend; she recalls her wandering thoughts, and now contemplates the arrival of Merlin, and pictures their meeting. She is here alone, in solitude, on the bottom stone

which leads to the bubbling fountain, no noise but that of the rushing waters over the pebbles, or a leaf stirred by a song-bird hopping from branch to branch; here, with her breath drowned in the waters, she can confess her love for Merlin, though she trembles at the thought; here she can muse on the brief and happy past, and call to mind her sunset talk and her moonlight walks on the deck of the 'Hercules.'

Refreshed with this indulgence, she calls to mind that the sunset hour is fast approaching, and wrapping up very carefully her delicious feelings, and placing them deep down with other treasures in her heart's casket, she now trips up the old moss-covered stones to proceed on her way homeward in peace. But she is doomed to disappointment, for on her way she meets her cousin Evered, who has been trout fishing, and was returning to St. Keverne, from whence he would return to Pendeen on horseback after his day's sport, unless he went up to the Hall, which he did occasionally, and presented his basket of trout for his uncle's breakfast table.

Evered had not met his cousin since the party; of course there had been the usual morning calls, for Blanche went to Pendeen to shop, and then

she called and lunched at Lamorna House; also Helen and her mother at times drove over to the Hall, and walked about the grounds with serenity. If there was no intimacy there was no dissension. Blanche was mistress of Tregarthen Hall; she had established that position at the party at Lamorna House. Although Evered had not seen Blanche lately, time had not cured his passion; the image of her was indelibly fixed on his heart. He loved her, and she had destroyed his peace; therefore he took to the woods, where he could sigh away his sorrow by the streams of the trout, and write his love snatches to his mistress, and sing them unheard in the wind. Evered did so, and he chose Tregarthen because of its fishing, its solitude, and the hope of seeing Blanche. In his hope he was not altogether disappointed, for unexpectedly he did see her when full of the misery of love, after having been for hours alone thinking the same thoughts, painting the same pictures, and dreaming the same dreams. In a cooler moment Evered would have been more discreet, but the object of his visions came full in front of him, hurrying home, as he had just finished putting up his tackle, and was debating whether Tregarthen Hall, with his day's sport, in the hope

of seeing Blanche there, should be the road, or St. Keverne, and then home with a couple of dozen of fine Tregarthen trout. His hesitation was determined for him, for here was Blanche more beautiful than ever. She would have passed him unseen if she could, for she dreaded secretly if Evered had an opportunity there would be a declaration of love, and have spared him the pain of a refusal and the consequences. They met about half a mile before the point of divergence, in the road, where the old directing-post still pointed to the left road, as the way to St. Keverne and the sea, leaving the other road without direction—under the idea, it may be presumed, that it would be supererogatory to state it led to Tregarthen. The meeting was of course courteous between the cousins, and after the usual inquiries there was silence—a calm before the storm. Blanche had nothing to say, and was silent. A little warmth, a little good humour would have been of great assistance, and abused, as affording an opportunity of making a declaration. Evered was now a man and a clever one; he knew he was doing the wrong thing, and felt he was about to do a mean thing; he knew he would be repulsed, not rejected, and he knew he would attempt to

enjoin secrecy "for his sake," as establishing a secret confidence between them, and adding thereto intimidation, if necessary, by accusing her of loving Merlin. He knew full well all this was engendered in his brain and brooded over when fishing for trout; he craved with a hungry feeling for her love, and conceived the idea of inoculating her with fear, to win it.

Evered failed, with all his tact and with all his ability, with all his adroitness, with all his attempts to charm by language, he was repulsed; he was not allowed to make love, the moment he committed himself, which he did on their arriving at the cross roads, Blanche stopped and said deliberately:—

"Cousin Evered, our roads in life are as distinct and asunder as these two we now arrive at, mine lies yonder, yours there," pointing to the directing-post, "St. Keverne."

Evered now detained Blanche against her will. "Would she hear him, would she keep his secret?"

"No! She should certainly acquaint her papa of what had taken place, and urge him to obtain every assurance against a repetition of this annoyance."

This stung Evered. "Be sure," he said,

"Cousin Blanche, not to forget to say that if you had seen me before Merlin Tregarthen, you would have preferred me."

Blanche was stunned with the audacity of her cousin, and frightened at the knowledge that she was so watched. Her courage nearly failed her; here was a great combat between good and evil, evil all but having the mastery. Blanche was rescued out of the fight; her deliverer came up the St. Keverne Road in Jenkins, old Kitty's son-in-law, he who hurled Evered, when a boy, at the Lanyon Quoit, to the ground,—suddenly appearing on his way home from market. He heard the conversation and understood its meaning, he stood by the side of Blanche and offered to conduct her to the Hall, "for I see," he said, "you are flurried, my lady."

Evered was now sobered and his folly appeared to him; he humbly asked Blanche to step aside for a moment and hear him. "Would she forgive him, he was mad, he would tell Helen and she would plead for him."

Blanche trembling, said, "I forgive you, Evered, but your insinuations were so unmanly that they have placed a barrier between us which time can never efface. I shall tell Aunt Trever-

nen, and I shall be guided by her," and without the usual amenities of life, the troubled and agitated girl pursued alone the road to Tregarthen.

Evered detained Jenkins, and believing him to be thick-headed, commenced to humbug him. Jenkins, disliking Evered, allowed himself to be humbugged to serve his purpose.

"Bless my soul!" said Evered, "that cousin of mine is always quarrelling with me, and yet I like her, Jenkins. We are often parting like this. I do not know, I'm sure, how we shall agree when I'm married to her."

This was too much for Jenkins; he was not a wordy man, but he managed to splurt out, "You marry her! well I like that! She'll never marry the like of you;" and turned on his heel whistling 'Through the woods, laddie,' with his marketing over his shoulder.

Jenkins told Jenny like a faithful husband, and answered all her questions; he told her from the beginning how he saw them as he was coming along, and how Mr. Overhead—here Jenny laughed and patted her stalwart husband, at his unintentional and unconscious blunder, and taking the word on her own lips, she said, "overhead and ears in love, you mean, Jenkins."

"Well, as for that, I don't know, Jenny," he said, and he bungled on and told her all he knew, and she was contented, and so pleased with her husband's proceedings that she told him he did exactly as he should have done, which pleased him also, and the happy couple with their little yearlings sat down to their hearty supper.

Jenny was alarmed at her husband's news; she knew Mr. Evered, as she called him, was constantly about the woods, but she did not know his secret intentions. This was an occasion for a visit to her mother at the cottage on the following morning.

CHAPTER XI.

"The mosses of thy fountain still are sprinkled
With thine Elysian water-drops; the face
Of thy cave-guarded spring, with years unwrinkled,
Reflects the meek-eyed genius of the place."

'*Childe Harold*,' *canto* iv. *v.* 116.

Since the arrival of the 'Hercules,' Merlin had been busily employed with his many duties on board his ship. He was aware of his appointment to the revenue cutter 'Sylvia,' and waited patiently for the day when it would be confirmed; but for this reason, he would have sought for leave of absence to visit his grandmother and the scenes of his youth. The morning delivery of letters for the 'Hercules' had been received, and Merlin was requested to attend his commander in his cabin. With great kindness he communicated to Merlin his official command, and with expressions of

regret at losing so efficient an officer. The gig was manned with Master Tommy Dart as coxswain, to take him to the Admiral's office, there to receive his credentials or sailing instructions, and whilst on shore to make his needful arrangements for his departure for West Cornwall. Merlin returned in the afternoon to his ship, to dine with his messmates and take his farewell. On the following day he bid adieu to his ship with hearty congratulations, and permission to take half-a-dozen seamen with him who had served in battle. Many tokens of friendship were presented to Merlin, and regret at his leaving was felt throughout the ship. On stepping on board the launch with his favourite and trusty crew, a loud cheer rose from the seamen, and in compliment to him, the yards were manned and the bunting lowered until he was out of sight.

The 'Sylvia' was ready at Falmouth, then an important port, to receive her commander, and be commissioned for service. On arriving, Merlin saw his men safely on board and inspected his ship. A few unimportant details had yet to be completed, before he hoisted his pennant, which would occupy a few days; this interim Merlin availed of to visit his grandmother.

There was some excitement at St. Keverne at the expected arrival of Merlin. Dr. Fergus was impatient to see him, the smuggling community were in a state of anxiety, and the 'Rose and Crown' was full of fishermen in full conclave on the consequences of Mr. Tregarthen commanding the 'Sylvia.' "Would he wink at the 'Moon'?" that was the question. Some expressed their belief that old associations would be too strong for him, and that the men whom he had known in his youth would not be too narrowly watched. Others expressed their belief that he would do his duty and be d—d to him. They drank hard, and regretted that he was so familiar with their haunts and their ways. If he did take advantage, some in their cups vowed they would show him and his crew no mercy if he attacked them when they made a run. Mine host was very serious, for he feared the times were degenerating; but he consoled them all that, after all, they had not much to fear, for war had broken out, and the 'Sylvia' would have enough to do to protect the shores, and chase the Frenchers, without interfering with them. This was oil on the troubled waters, and they were ready to receive Merlin and welcome him home. Punch was now

produced, and in the accustomed manner the tea-service case in the corner of the room was opened, and mine host descended to his shades below for a rundlet,—drinking and noise, healths and songs were going on until midnight.

Merlin arrived at his mother's cottage in the cool of the evening; he was expected, and Dr. Fergus was there to welcome him.

The worthy Doctor was overpowered when he saw Merlin now a man of beauty and courage. He welcomed him in his own peculiar way, and left him alone with his grandmother, who was suffused with tears. Merlin could scarcely realize his position; he called to mind the days of his infancy and boyhood, and passed the evening with his grandmother, giving her token on token of his affection. He could not help noticing the changes that had taken place for the better. The cottage now presented but little of its original condition without. A porch and verandah on either side had been added, the glass windows taken out and replaced with new and better ones, the garden had been enlarged and fenced round, and kept in perfect order. Blanche, he was told, had this done, and had it kept in order by the Tregarthen gardeners by her desire. It contained

the choicest flowers, and here and there were garden seats for old Kitty to sit on and knit, her usual occupation. If these were the changes without, those within were equally striking, for there was every comfort approaching to elegance. Merlin appeared not to divine the cause; his grandmother could, but she dared not enlighten him. At the name of Blanche he could scarcely conceal his emotion; hope was busy agitating his breast. His grandmother understood it all, read his every thought, and would have liked by one sentence to make him mad with joy. But she had her part to play, and that a difficult one. She could no longer deceive him, for his commanding presence awed her, and his loving and open nature mastered her. Soon Blanche was on his lips, and he asked question after question; "Did she come often here? Had she ever spoken of him?" What could his grandmother say? "She told him she was often here, and had told her of her happy hours with him;" this was happiness, but she said also, "Remember, Merlin, it was told only to comfort me."

"Yes, yes!" said Merlin hurriedly.

The theme changed; it was getting late, and Merlin pressed his grandmother hard on one

important subject. He asked her "who he was and from whom he derived his being?" He also inquired for Jenkins in the way his grandmother well understood. Old Kitty was sorely tried, but she determined that she would behave to Merlin as she had to Blanche; she turned sullen, and Merlin, too full of kindness, dropped the inquiry, and old Kitty brought forth her old clasped Bible, and put on her spectacles, and with the darling of her soul under her own roof, she read one of the beautiful psalms, so expressive of the sweet harper of Israel's trust in the righteousness and goodness of the great Creator.

Merlin, accustomed to the discipline of his ship as well as disposed by his inclinations, knelt by the old woman's side when she in prayer and praise expressed her gratitude for his safe return, and for guidance over his stormy sea of life. Thus ended the first evening, when they took their rest in quietude by the margin of the forest, the moon high in heaven placidly shining on the cottage, and nought to disturb the stillness of night but the flow of water over its pebbly bed.

Merlin, by habit an early riser, was up betimes. He walked out while yet the grass was wet with dew, and enjoyed the scenery of his youth; every

rise and every hollow on the ground were familiar to him and recalled old associations; he strolled and paused as he came to the old well, still there unchanged amidst surrounding changes. On his way he saw men who were boys when he left. He wandered on enwrapt in thought, and found himself nearing the Hall, attracted by the glow of love and the bliss of hope. He ventured yet further; at last from an eminence he saw the mansion and remembered when he saw it last, running away with gladness when its owner patted him on the head and told him he was to be a midshipman. What changes since then! "Where was Blanche now?" "How would she meet him?" "Was his mind all chaos?" He looked again, and lingered there until reason took the helm, and then quietly and undisturbed, leisurely returned. Early after breakfast a messenger arrived with Sir Hugh's compliments and invitation to lunch at the Hall. Quickly Merlin was in readiness, with his undress naval uniform, to obey the summons, and for the second time he stood before Sir Hugh, but under altered circumstances; he was now received at Tregarthen Hall, and honoured with the master's marked attention. The manner of Sir Hugh was most flattering to the feelings of Merlin; he was

cordiality itself, and evidently desired to let Merlin feel that he was to consider himself on terms of friendship with him and his daughter. Sir Hugh conversed with Merlin, freely chatting on their pleasant meeting at Malta, and their agreeable passage home in the 'Hercules,' declining to acknowledge that he had anything to do; then hesitating for a moment, he corrected himself, and said but little on his promotion, when Merlin attributed his command of the 'Sylvia' to his kind interest. Sir Hugh hoped he would be successful, and that now he had come back to the neighbourhood of his birth, he would make many friends, and invited him to be a visitor at the Hall when opportunity arose for his coming ashore.

Blanche now made her appearance; she had to make a little preparation, in order to be natural and conceal her agitation. To be cold and reserved would be unkind,—she couldn't be that; and to be too impressive would be unmaidenly. With these conflicting feelings she entered the room, walked up to Merlin as he rose to receive her, and held out her hand with great cordiality, which he eagerly took.

Merlin and Blanche now met in the home of

her father, where the old family portraits looked down on them, having striking points of resemblance to each. Sir Hugh asked his daughter to ring the bell, and immediately Bullock, his butler, appeared; for a moment he almost lost his presence of mind, which was noticed by Sir Hugh, as he paused for a second from his duty when he suddenly beheld Merlin, and fixed his eyes on him with evident perturbation of mind; in a second the trained servant recovered himself, and gave his calm and undivided attention to his master, awaiting his commands. Sir Hugh requested Bullock to inform him if Mr. Marsh, his steward, had arrived, and being answered affirmatively, he then asked him if he had any magisterial duties for the day; being answered negatively, he then said:—"Mr. Tregarthen, I have the pleasure to give you a letter to the Librarian of the Institution at Pendeen, which will give you an *entrée;* and possibly, as I have leisure to-day, I may see you there, when I shall introduce you to some of the good townfolks of Pendeen, as the Commander of the 'Sylvia.'" This was so pointedly said, that Bullock could have no difficulty in understanding what his mode of treatment was to be towards the new

arrival; and having appointed the hour for his groom to be ready, Bullock retired: and then turning to Blanche, he said:—"When next you are at your aunt's, let Evered know that Mr. Tregarthen has arrived, and say that I have expressed the hope that the young men will become friends. Evered, Mr. Tregarthen, as you know, is my nephew; you will find him a very desirable acquaintance."

Having now done all that he intended for Merlin's introduction into society, he signified that he was ready to see Mr. Marsh by ringing the bell. Mr. Marsh almost immediately entered; and as business was the topic, Blanche and Merlin retired together, Sir Hugh apologizing for not accompanying Merlin to the door, by delegating Blanche to perform this ceremonious act of courtesy for him, observing, that as they had been fellow-travellers for so long and so far, he did not doubt they would have any objection to be so for so short a time and so short a journey. Thus Sir Hugh, imprudently or not, dismissed his guest. Blanche felt very awkward, and so did Merlin; but Bullock had his duty to perform, and so beyond very evident reciprocal feelings of pleasure be-

tween them at meeting again, nothing transpired beyond a very cordial "*au revoir*" at the hall door. Immediately Blanche tripped very swiftly up the great staircase, and looked out from one of the drawing-room windows, over the beautiful lawn leading away to park and forest, on the retiring form of Merlin, as he leisurely walked away.

Mr. Marsh and the Baronet had their usual business confabulation about rent, renewal of leases, and improvements. This being settled, Sir Hugh mentioned the proposal of Mr. Trevernen at the party, and asked him what spare capital he had. Mr. Marsh was a man of business, and confessed that, owing to Sir Hugh's travelling expenses, the rents which he named as income had only just balanced the amount of his annual outlay; but then he insinuated that, as Mr. Trevernen was so distinguished and successful in his business operations, he thought it most desirable he should entertain his brother-in-law's suggestion, remarking that the reports from the mine were most encouraging, and that it would not be amiss for Sir Hugh to recoup a little by this opportunity, especially as there had been some losses in some speculations now

closed up, in which Sir Hugh had not the benefit of Mr. Trevernen's sagacity. Sir Hugh, never fond of business, disliking finance, and trusting unreservedly to his steward, acceded to the proposition, and commissioned Mr. Marsh to make the necessary arrangements to raise the money required, which meant that, for the first time, Sir Hugh raised money on his title-deeds. Sir Hugh for a moment felt a pang of regret, something approaching to humiliation, when he reflected on what he had done; but Mr. Marsh for the time stifled that feeling, and having done so, retired. Sir Hugh endeavoured to dismiss the matter by believing that Marsh knew all about it, and that the accommodation would only be temporary, and very quickly mounted his horse, followed by his groom, for Pendeen.

Mr. Marsh and Mr. Bullock were not unacquainted. Mr. Marsh was not above taking a lunch in the butler's pantry with the great man's great man. They were very full of talk now. Sir Hugh was trotting away to Pendeen, and Mr. Marsh was enthusiastic in his praise of the mine. It was going to be an El Dorado, he said, and he regretted he could not take a share, as his wife and family took all his gettings; if

Mr. Bullock, however, would like to try his luck, he could secure, he thought, one share for him, though he hardly knew how to manage it, as he feared the Baronet would not like his dependant to have anything to do with the concerns he was interested in, and especially as this was a close thing between the Trevernens and Sir Hugh. Bullock now confessed to his having saved up a hundred pounds, and said "he would like to try a venture, and could Mr. Marsh manage it for him, because he had heard it was going to be a fine mine, as the lodes of the Old Keskeys' mines ran in the same direction, which had turned out so rich."

Mr. Bullock now produced a bottle of Burgundy fit for an epicure, to wash down a lunch off a cold capon. Mr. Marsh nodded, and smacked his lips; it was the old Burgundy, no doubt of it; both Mr. Bullock and Mr. Marsh had often tasted it before; and now Mr. Bullock's health was drunk in Burgundy. Mr. Marsh would do his best with Mr. Trevernen, and very likely he would have a share in the mine. This point settled, Mr. Marsh changed the conversation, and said the 'Sylvia' had a new commander in old Kitty Keskeys' grandson.

"No more of that, Hal, if thou lovest me," said Mr. Bullock, winking with his glass of Burgundy, proud in his Shakspearian quotation.

"What's up?" said Mr. Marsh, laying down his finished glass of Burgundy.

"Strike me dead," said Mr. Bullock, "but I was all abroad just now."

"You, my dear cock of the perch, king of high jinks, and best of good fellows, impossible! 'Now is chaos come again!'" said Mr. Marsh, reciprocating Mr. Bullock's Shakspearian quotation. "But what's in the wind, to ruffle the feathers of my pretty falcon?"

"In the wind!" said Mr. Bullock; "why, young Tregarthen's home and here at the Hall, hand and glove, bark and tree, that's all!"

"The deuce!" said Mr. Marsh, and emptied another glass to recover his senses; "and my lady Blanche," said Mr. Marsh, "what of her?"

"She's limed like a linnet on a twig, and the Baronet is as blind as an owl by daylight."

"Whew! whew!" said Mr. Marsh; "this comes of levanting and philandering up the Mediterranean."

"But she's doomed," said Mr. Bullock, "for just now he was here, and egad! no two pea-

cods are more alike than he to Sir Hugh; and when he spoke, why, there was the old Laity smile, and he looked for all the world a Laity, just like the old portraits smiling round him. But mum's the word, Mr. Marsh."

"Mum's the word, Mr. Bullock!" and they finished the bottle of Burgundy and went on their way refreshed.

Merlin, being elated and in high spirits after a visit to his grandmother, determined now to pay a call on Dr. Fergus, and found him at home busy preparing one of his nostrums for a patient. The worthy Doctor, being able to work and talk at the same time, informed Merlin that if he would only wait a short time, he would accompany him into Pendeen, and they could ride and talk together. This arrangement being quite agreeable to Merlin, he allowed the Doctor to have his way, who was delighted at his powers of persuasion. Their roadside talk was little more than jokes; the Doctor was delighted at the return of Merlin, and he had no idea of being serious on the occasion. On their nearing Pendeen, the Doctor said,—

"Of course you'd call on the Trevernens?"

Merlin hesitated; he had not been introduced; besides, he did not know, etc. etc.

"Pooh-pooh," said Dr. Fergus, "I do, though; they will be very glad to make your acquaintance. Helen is fit for a Danæan shower to be rained on. Ah! you will be delighted with her; you must take care, my boy! She is as unlike her cousin Blanche," rattled on the Doctor, "as night and day. Here we are!" he said; and before Merlin had any opportunity of escaping, if he had been so minded, the Doctor had dismounted and sent his well-known rap echoing through Lamorna House. They were ushered into the drawing-room, a little more ceremony than usual being considered necessary by the Abigail in consequence of a stranger with Dr. Fergus.

"Who can he be?" said Mrs. Trevernen to Helen, when Dr. Fergus was announced, and a gentleman with him.

Helen suspected it was Merlin, and wondered at the indiscretion of Dr. Fergus; "but there is no help for it, mamma," she said, and she occupied just an extra minute to make one or two little arrangements in her appearance, which even under these circumstances she was unable to refrain from, for she must dazzle! Evered was at home, in the study, moody enough. He

had told his sister of his rejected suit, and had received her sharp rebuke for his folly, but had now made his peace with her. Helen loved her brother, and must be at peace with him; she had, however, thought it best to tell her mother, and had done so that very morning, and had just finished and come to the conclusion that she must see Blanche, when Dr. Fergus and Merlin were announced. Helen was quite equal to the occasion, if her mamma was not; besides, they were agreed and understood each other; therefore there was no fear, as Mrs. Trevernen said afterwards, of an upset; but they did not know what Sir Hugh had been about,—had they, possibly more cordiality would have been infused in their reception.

Merlin was introduced by the Doctor in a rattling speech, which Helen fairly answered. "We are old combatants," said the Doctor, "but not the less friends." And then he informed them that Sir Hugh was in town, and would meet Merlin at the library, and was anxious to introduce him to his friends. "But where is Evered?" said the Doctor; "he should be here to greet an old schoolfellow."

Mrs. Trevernen rang the bell, availing herself

of that opportunity to leave the room for a moment to call Evered herself. She had barely left the room and shut the door, than she mentally, if not orally (she said she didn't) exclaimed, "Bless me well; what a strange likeness to our family!" She quickly entered, bringing in Evered. She had tutored him in her absence, and he and Merlin shook hands, and remembered they were schoolfellows, which it was quite clear they had not forgotten, and hoped they should now have the pleasure of seeing each other. Merlin, of course, hoped he should have the pleasure of seeing Evered on board the 'Sylvia;' and Evered and Mrs. Trevernen hoped they should have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Tregarthen at Lamorna House when he was on shore. The visit having been paid, and the introductions gone through, the Doctor and his *protégé* took their leave. Very earnest was the Trevernen family conversation after their visitors left. Evered's prejudices were overruled, and he promised, as he said, to do the polite to Merlin. Helen marvelled at the resemblance to her uncle, and admitted Merlin was a fine young man. Mrs. Trevernen acquiesced in her daughter's sage reflections, but said nothing to satisfy her

curiosity, if she could. All further remarks were postponed until papa came home, when the whole subject of Merlin Tregarthen, his position with respect to Lamorna House, in spite of Sir Hugh, who was not to lord it over them, was to be thoroughly discussed at the tea-table.

Sir Hugh was as good as his word. He met Merlin at the library, and gave him all the benefit of his recognition. The Doctor was there, busy arranging for lecturing on botany until the dinner-hour was approaching, when he and 'Scrubby,' his horse, were seen retiring together from the town. Merlin hastened home as soon as he could, to spend the evening with his grandmother, and give the reins to his imagination in quietness and solitude.

After the departure of Sir Hugh from Tregarthen Hall for Pendeen, Blanche retired to her boudoir very agitated. She had observed the pains her father had taken to impress his household with the position he had determined Merlin to take, and to secure for him that respect and attention which might be reluctantly given, or to a large extent withheld from him, but for his marked desire. She could not shut her eyes to the warmth of feeling evinced by her

father towards Merlin; and whilst she became convinced there was a mystery concerning him which she could not unravel; hope and imagination led her thoughts astray, and she arrived at the conclusion that her father entertained some secret design which he would carry into effect in his own way, and at his own time, which would more than realize her wildest dreams; in a word, she believed that Merlin would be the heir of Tregarthen, and culminated her imagining by drawing the only possible conclusion of his becoming so through her union with him.

Happy Blanche, dream on. Blanche, having finished her dream and her lunch, drove to St. Keverne, and visited the poor at the Coves; and then dismissing her pony phaeton, walked to the cottage to pay her accustomed visit to old Kitty, and give Beda her lesson. She found the old woman sitting, as usual, knitting. Blanche was unable to meet her without trembling, and was hoping that something in the old woman's manner might enable her to resume the conversation on the subject which agitated her so much. In this Blanche was disappointed. Old Kitty had commenced acting her part, and she was taciturn, if not sullen. Little Beda had a very

indifferent lesson. Blanche's thoughts were very disturbed; and dismissing the child, Blanche inconsiderately began to talk about Merlin, apparently to a deaf ear, for the old woman persistently gave her undivided attention to the worsted stocking she was knitting. Never was proverb more strikingly illustrated, "that out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaks," than now. Blanche stood by her side, and told her that she had seen Merlin that morning, and said, "So kind, and to her reason, mysterious, was her father's manner to him, that she believed he intended their welfare, our welfare, Kitty," Blanche passionately said; "and I do believe Merlin will be the heir of Tregarthen through marriage with me."

This roused the ire of the old woman; she hastily rose from her seat, and ejaculated,—

"Fool! fool! it can never be; it must not be. Night may be turned into day, a woman may forsake her suckling child, ruin and desolation may be at Tregarthen, but this union, forbid by—"

"By whom, Kitty?" said Blanche, almost weeping; "who has forbidden it, or who would forbid it? Surely not my father, he would not be so cruel; he must observe—"

"He observes nothing, and intends nothing," said the old woman.

"Is it fear, then, for Merlin, Kitty," said Blanche plaintively, "that he would not be happy; that I would not be his loving and obedient wife, that makes you so unkind? Trust me, Kitty, I have seen none comparable to Merlin, and on him I have centred my every hope and my every thought. But I will not irritate you more," said Blanche, with a sigh of sorrow; "and, perhaps, when next I see you, I may be more in favour."

And thus Blanche left the cottage. Then the old and faithful woman gave way to a flood of tears; and as they flowed down her furrowed cheeks, she said,—

"Alas! how true, the sins of the fathers are visited to the third and fourth generation."

Blanche was homeward-bound, and as she neared the old well which she had to pass, old thoughts came rushing through her brain, when only the other day she was here, and alone in this solitude, not daring even here to own her love for Merlin, and yet she had now been confessing it to old Kitty, and imploring her aid. Blushing at her agitation, Blanche looked for-

ward, for directing her first footfall on resuming her walk, where full in front of her was Merlin, also homeward bound. Their eyes met, and they became spell-bound. "Blanche!" was uttered by Merlin, "Merlin!" was whispered by Blanche, and she fainted in his arms. No other language escaped their lips; their love snapped asunder, as a thread, its bind-chain, and sprang forth in one convulsive struggle. An electric current passed from heart to heart, and then the love-storm burst, and down the pale cheek of the affrighted Blanche were channelled scalding tears. Blanche, on recovering her senses, was deeply agitated; and tremblingly Merlin led her to the stone steps of the fatal well, where she sat, and was refreshed by the bubbling waters. Her handkerchief, once steeped in tears, was now wet with the crystal flood, and used by the tender hands of her accepted lover to wipe her face, and recall the colour to her pallid cheeks. Language at last came to their relief, thought hurried over thought, giving form to feeling; but deaf to reason, and blind to consequences, they rushed on to their destiny, and were plighting their troth, when they were alarmed by the sudden appearance of old Kitty, who stood be-

fore them clad like a sibyl, and frowning in anger. With her left hand resting on her stick, and with the other outstretched, she chanted :—

"What do you here, child of the soil?
Commingling love with a child born to toil;
His home's in the ship, tossed on the billow,
Yours at the Hall, on the soft downy pillow.

"What do you here, child of the storm?
Beautiful in mind, and lovely in form;
Go to your home, on the sea, o'er the shore,
This child of the soil you must never love more.

"You can't! You must! tho' hard is your lot,
Old Kitty's presage will ne'er be forgot;
The wild waves will roll o'er your manly head,
And the maid of the soil will mourn for you dead.

"She must leave her dear home and the friends of her youth,
Alas! that the vision foretells such a truth;
But when the fight's at the fiercest, then you'll be slain,
And then farewell to her home, she'll ne'er see it again."

With this malediction, the old sibyl, deaf to entreaty to afford the lovers any explanation for her intrusion, with majestic and mysterious mien, slowly receded, fixing her stern gaze of disapprobation on them until she was out of sight.

Her disappearance was a relief to Blanche, who now summoned her reason and her courage to ask Merlin what could be the reason of so ill-omened a portent; what secret could old Kitty be in possession of, as to cause her such irritation, and compel her to take such a strange course to prevent them plighting their troth? Merlin had no satisfactory reply for Blanche, he was as much bewildered and amazed as she, and would have given his life to calm her perturbed mind. Blanche sympathized with the perplexity of her lover, and understood the position and its consequences they were now placed in with regard to each other. Looking in Merlin's face she said,—

"Come weal, come woe, Merlin, I have given to you my heart's affection, and if I marry not you, I'll never wed mortal man."

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast," it is said; and hope alone, unsubstantial as a dream, was their only stay, and only anchor, in this storm on their life's ocean; and with hope they solaced each other, and then dismissed the alarm and dismay caused by the old woman's interference. By the well-side they again sat together, and gave full play to their new-born joy,

until Blanche became aware that the delicious hours had been passing swiftly, too swiftly away, and then they finished their interrupted act of plighting their troth, by Blanche accepting a little Italian diamond cross; when Merlin, with a devoted kiss of affection, helped her to rise from the steps of the old murmuring well. Arm-in-arm entwined, they talked of love as they walked homewards, picturing happy days to come, ever and anon stopping to look out on the glorious sea, as it was seen in beauty glistening from many a rising hillock. Evening, too, was closing in, and they murmured song in chorus with the birds returning home to rest, as they lingered at many a well-remembered scene of beauty dear to memory since childhood's thoughtless days; and on again they went, linked with joy and ecstasy, until they were beneath the old avenue of trees leading to the home of Blanche. Here they must part, and now reflection came. Blanche trembled again; a feeling of tremor overpowered her, and she could scarcely support herself. "Oh! my father," she said, as she felt a dread of meeting him. Nothing had she ever concealed from him; open as the day by nature, and like a summer's day without a

cloud, had her life hitherto been; but now, with all her joy, a cloud had overshadowed her spotless heart, and her gladness was tainted with a tinge of gloom; dissimulation must be intermingled in the conversation with her beloved father, or she must tell him all. Old Kitty's determined opposition, with her malediction, came swelling along her tide of thought, making it turbid with doubt, and something akin to fear. For a brief moment she wished they had never met, and wondered why such a change had come over her, as if she had lost the freedom of her innocency, and the happy joyousness of laughing mirth; but when she heard the whispered accents of affection thrilling in her ear, and looked upon the manly form, Blanche was all herself, and with the words, "We'll meet again, dear, dear Merlin," she tore herself away, and sped like a hunted deer athwart the lawn, and in exhaustion sought in her own boudoir that repose her agitation now so peremptorily demanded.

Merlin watched her in her speed, piercing the misty distance with his eagle eye; and, full of sensations he had never before experienced, turned his back on Tregarthen Hall, with its terraced gardens and spreading lawn full of

squatting game eating their evening meal, and walked to his only home, his grandmother's cottage! His quick and constantly quickening steps could not keep pace with his rapid thoughts,—the happiness of his convulsed heart was now in the keeping of the heiress of Tregarthen, the only daughter of a titled gentleman of ancient lineage.

"Can it be," thought Merlin, "that she can ever be my wife? I have dared to look at her, and tell her I love her, and she has not spurned me;" and then he felt the love of Blanche comforting and ennobling his whole nature. Again the ever-recurring and distressing thought came to his mind, "Who am I?" "From whom do I derive my being? who is my father, and who my mother?" were questions often prompted by nature, and now by ambition and hope and love! In a fever, Merlin arrived at his grandmother's cottage; she had been waiting for him, and no sooner did she see him than she fell on his neck and wept.

"Oh, Merlin," she said, "you are a man for a mother to dote on, a wife to adore, a nation to honour; but if you would not be the ruin of Blanche Laity leave her, and forget her; though

a shroud be her wedding-dress, and the grave her nuptial couch, she can never wed you!"

"In the name of heaven," said Merlin in exasperation, "why not? I know not who I am; some mystery which I cannot penetrate overshadows me; I may be of humble parentage, but Blanche has chosen me, and loves me!"

"She has, Merlin, but both Heaven and earth forbid your union; and for the love of Heaven forget her,—for her sake leave her, though to weep tears of sorrow."

"Never! never, grandmother!" said Merlin.

"Then," said the old woman, quivering with fear and rage, "you are both doomed to destruction!"

Merlin, perturbed and weary more than ever he had been before in the vicissitudes of his seaman's life, opened his letters waiting for him, and found that the 'Sylvia' was ready, and that the time had come for him to take the command; he resolved that it was desirable to go at once, and for the present would not see Blanche again. He joined his grandmother as hitherto in the evening exercise of worship, and bid her farewell for a short time, informing her of his intention to leave early on the following morning. On

retiring he wrote two letters, one to Sir Hugh, thanking him for his kindness, and stating he had received orders to join the 'Sylvia' at once; the other was to Blanche, his first love-letter, full of hope and love, and giving his reasons for his sudden departure, making, however, arrangements for a correspondence, which were necessarily of a clandestine character.

On the following morning Jenny paid a visit to her mother; she was unaware of Merlin's sudden departure; she hoped now to see him, and indulge her motherly feelings, though under disguise, for she dared not reveal her relationship to him,—at first it was prohibited, and now it became necessary,—she was disappointed to find him gone, and mother and daughter were cross. Old Kitty upbraided her on the one hand for her infrequent visits, blamed her on the other for coming now, and scolded her for coming to see Merlin to make more trouble and confusion, as if there wasn't enough already. Jenny knew her mother,—Merlin was gone, and she had not seen him, but it couldn't be helped; so Jenny attended to her mother's wants, and heard with a daughter's patience her complaints; and then she told her what her husband had seen between Blanche and Evered Trevernen.

"Dear young lady!—poor girl!" said old Kitty, "I will comfort her! I will comfort her!"

Jenny had her suspicions; she dearly loved the Lady Blanche, and believed she had a secret which her mother had discovered, and that now she intended in some unknown way to assist her. This was Jenny's inference as she thought on her mother's manner, as she returned to her domestic duties and left old Kitty alone with Beda.

When the old dependant was alone, and had recovered her strength from her exertion, she became very sad; she argued within herself whether or not she should tell Sir Hugh of Evered Trevernen's conduct. She expected him soon now,—it was his wont, and a necessity now to him, to visit the cottage and talk about the boy; he still called him the boy,—she knew he yearned to own him, he was so manly, so truly a type of his family, but to tell him of Evered's affection would disconcert him more than ever, and make him intolerably wretched.

"No," she said, "I must not." Then, returning in thought to Merlin and Blanche, she said, "I have failed hitherto in detaching them in their unhappy love, but time will help me;

Merlin will be at sea, and may be sharply engaged. I will dissuade Blanche! I have played my part well, thanks to my Gipsy blood, if Gipsy blood it is, which has given me the fatal art of rhyming, and making me almost a witch, a wizard, and a fortune-teller; but I am not that —no, no—I love my Bible, but for the sake of my honoured but unfortunate lady, and the noble youth, I will yet play my part." And thus comforted, Beda was called, and the usual avocations of the cottage for that day proceeded with.

CHAPTER XII.

"It is the moon, I ken her horn,
That's blinking in the lift so hie;
She shines so bright to wile us hame,
But by my sooth she'll wait a wee!"—BURNS.

THE feelings of those interested in the events of the last chapter had subsided, and the daily routine of ordinary life at St. Keverne and Pendeen had resumed their wonted regularity. The 'Sylvia' had put to sea, and, with Merlin for her commander, was cruising in the chops of the Channel, protecting the shores of Great Britain against invasion, and preventing smuggling. Dr. Fergus ever busy in other people's affairs, and earning the *sobriquet* of gossip, was now at Pendeen, and as usual called at Lamorna House to hear the news, as well as to spread it. Of course he informed Mrs. Trevernen and Helen that the 'Sylvia' is cruising off the Land's End, and he

hears, on inquiry for Evered, that he is not very well, and the contemplated visit to Ireland is likely, in consequence, to come to pass, and that very soon. Helen, too, takes out a kind letter from Mrs. Power, inviting her to accompany her brother on his visit.

"We are considering the matter, Dr. Fergus," said Mrs. Trevernen, "and we should like your opinion before we decide; especially as papa," Helen informed the Doctor had not been consulted as yet, "and I should like your opinion to fortify me in persuading him, if it is necessary."

"Well, then," said the Doctor, "suppose then my opinion is adverse?"

"Well then, Doctor," said Helen, putting up her letter, "I must stay at home."

"And," cynically said Dr. Fergus, "die an old maid!"

"Fie, Doctor!" said Mrs. Trevernen, "you make Helen blush."

"But, my dear Madam, I have not said my opinion is adverse; on the contrary, I think there are powerful reasons," laying great emphasis on the word powerful, "why my doughty combatant should go, although I shall be left at home, like Ulysses mourning for Calypso."

"You are too bad, quite unbearable," said Helen, threatening him with a paper-knife she took in her delicate hand. "You ought to be chained to a rock, like Prometheus, for eagles to pick your eyes out."

The Doctor laughed heartily at the comparison, as he said "he was more like a dustman," noticing at the moment this respectable individual, and hearing his call.

The Doctor could not stay to lunch, but accepted Mrs. Trevernen's invitation, as he could spare the time, to take tea with them, and chat over the Irish visit, when he hoped Miss Helen would be empowered to make her arrangements without any persuasion from him.

"Very oddly pronounced, Dr. Fergus," said Helen tripping away. "You are unbearable, that's not the bare truth," was heard as he chuckled away, and descended the steps in the best of humours.

From Lamorna House to the Institution was the Doctor's regular course, and he pursued it to-day without hesitation. The institution served other purposes than lecturing and reading in the library; it had virtually long since resolved itself into the Pendeen Gossip Club, where the London

and county newspapers, with an occasional magazine, were read, and where the politics and the news of the day were discussed and ventilated by the gentlemen of the locality, and visitors who had an *entrée* by their position. The Pendeen Institution was, therefore, a lounge for the indolent, and a resort for the loquacious. Sir Hugh Laity himself frequented it occasionally, with others of his class; and to-day, on his arrival, he found his worthy friend the Doctor there and Mr. Trevernen, with many others disputing and discussing politics, mining, and scandal!

Mr. Trevernen, after inquiring after his niece, referred to his conversation with him at the party, and asked him if he had considered his proposition? Business was Sir Hugh's detestation, but he felt he was in for it, and after paying his visit at the institution, he left with Mr. Trevernen and adjourned to his office. Evered was there, and informed his uncle that he had accepted Power's invitation, and hoped he should enjoy himself in Ireland. Sir Hugh hoped he would, remarking on the unsettled state of the country, and cautioned him to be careful. Business being the object of Sir Hugh's visit to Mr. Trevernen's office, no time was lost before entering on it.

Mr. Marsh, the steward, having been summoned, he was punctual, as a business man should be. Scarcely had he informed Sir Hugh that he had made the necessary arrangements for raising the required capital than Mr., or Captain Keenly, as he was commonly called, the manager of the new mine, the Great Pendeen Consols, entered with his plans of the mine. For the moment the documents requiring Sir Hugh's signature, which were in fact a mortgage on a portion of his estate called Seafield, were kept back by Mr. Marsh, and he and Captain Keenly proceeded at once to inspect the plan of the mine in the presence of Mr. Trevernen, Evered, and Sir Hugh. Mr. Marsh announced the encouraging belief that the great expectations formed would be speedily realized. Captain Keenly echoed this observation, and commenced confirming it by stating he knew the ground well; he had worked when a boy in the old Keskeys Mine, from which great returns had been received, and the lodes all ran into the set, as it was technically called, or boundary as it may be generally stated, and that the position for mining enterprise was highly favourable, from the fact that the junction of two formations called Killas, or clay slate, and Granite

took place here, and that all great discoveries were made under those circumstances. Sir Hugh's attention was called to the plans, and the places indicated thereon pointed out to him that marked this important feature. Specimens also were produced which the Captain had taken from his cabinet of minerals, and which had been taken from the old abandoned and worked-out mine. They were handled, examined, and pronounced all that could be desired; and if these lodes ran into the boundary, it was certain that in a very short time, with a very moderate outlay, and with good and economic management, they would have a very fine property. It had been said Sir Hugh was not a man of business, and it is true that he regretted he had so far implicated himself; he, however, roused his energies to think on the business he had joined in, and immediately his clear perception and acute intellect suggested to his mind a thought which led him to ask a question, and which caused Mr. Marsh to open his eyes and stare, and Captain Keenly to look bewildered. He said, "Do I understand that the dues, as you call them, to be paid to the owner of the land for permission to work this mine, are one in twenty,—that is to say, one ten out of every twenty tens?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"But," continued Sir Hugh, "are these dues or demands paid on the mineral as it comes out of the mine, or after it has been manipulated on by stamping it and preparing it for the smelting-house? for herein is a wide distinction, and may make all the difference whether this undertaking becomes profitable or otherwise."

"Oh, Sir Hugh," said Captain Keenly, "you are no man of business, and don't understand it. The dues are paid of course when the ore is ready for the smelting-house."

"Well," said Sir Hugh, "I think it an exorbitant incubus on the mine, and I wonder that mines in general can make dividends under these excessively detrimental circumstances." And having to his surprise said this, all further thoughts eluded him; he apparently entertained this one but for a moment only, and was then like Pythagoras of old, who had for a moment a true conception of the solar system, and then lost it, and it remained lost for ages, until Copernicus solved the truth for all time. The pertinent question of Sir Hugh had the effect of putting a stop to all further disquisition. He left the matter in the hands of Mr. Marsh, and having

signed the steward's documents and seen them duly witnessed, he was allowed to depart in peace; not, however, until he had accepted a pressing invitation to join the family at tea at Lamorna House, which Sir Hugh was not altogether unwilling to accede to, as he had noticed his beloved daughter had lost somewhat of her spirits, and he thought a few days' visiting in the lively society of her cousin Helen would tend to restore.

On the departure of Sir Hugh business proceeded rapidly. Mr. Marsh announced that he had plenty of capital at command, and it was arranged that Sir Hugh should have a good stake in the mine, as he deserved, and he was there and then unconsciously made the proprietor of one-half the mine. Evered Trevernen was appointed the purser or treasurer at a fair and liberal salary for a young man, and Trevernen and Son also became adventurers to a prudent extent, covering all risk by their profit in supplying the mine with coals, timber, candles, gunpowder, and all other material required for the development of the Great Pendeen Consols. Mr. Marsh had a small share allotted to him as commission. Captain Keenly had his salary fixed at the maximum rate, given with a privilege of

receiving the discount on the bills. The Great Pendeen Consols Tin and Copper Mine was speedily in being, and every report necessary to inspire hope and courage was issued with the greatest regularity. Sir Hugh Laity was advertised as a munificent benefactor of his county on becoming a great mine adventurer, as well as one of the largest landed proprietors. The culmination of laudation was in naming the engine or leading shaft, "The Tregarthen-Laity Shaft." What more could be done to secure success?

Some happy anonymous poet has expressed his sense of the enjoyment of the social evening hour, when the children are in bed and the daily toil is over. This season of the day having arrived, and Mr. Trevernen having finished his daily toil satisfactorily, was prepared to enjoy the evening in the bosom of his family, surrounded by his brother-in-law, Sir Hugh Laity, and his friend, Dr. Fergus. At Lamorna House no meal of the day was appreciated like the tea, and very often the preparations for its ceremony nearly equalled that of dinner. It was the meal when the family gathered themselves together after their various avocations of the day, and when the incidents were recalled, and formed often the chief topics

for conversation. Tea-drinking in those days was a substantial meal, and not merely a form. Ladies often prided themselves on the display of the nicnacs they produced on these occasions, and amongst the younger members of families, to whom these displays were more particularly entrusted, the spirit of rivalry and emulation was manifested in their excellences. Nothing could be more complimentary than to praise the confections on the well-spread tea-table on these occasions, and comment freely on them whilst heartily partaking of them. Helen Trevernen was one of many who took delight in her tea-table, and who was constantly on the alert to produce some new dish or cake. Dr. Fergus, Helen's old admirer and bachelor, was remarkably fond of his tea, and could discuss the merits of her tea-table to perfection, espying a new production of her artistic science in a moment, or making a sly allusion to some other tea-table which contained something he had never seen here, and whenever he could do this he was delighted. Nevertheless, he more than made amends by his curious suggestions from his prolific and antiquarian brain, either by his information on serving a dish in a peculiar way,

or by some odd compound which he had discovered by reading in his musty folios. Company, as it was called, was expected, the best tea-service was used, and Helen sat at her tea-table in the best of spirits. The drawing-room was made more than ordinarily comfortable and well lighted; that is to say, the candles were not spared,—gas and moderator-lamps not having been introduced up to this time. Some sat at the table, others apart from it, with little tables for their convenience; some rose up with their tea-cups and little fancy plates, and joined others in another part of the room, whilst some would lounge on the sofa, cup in hand, filling the room with mixed conversation. Helen would be inviting the Doctor to partake of this *bonne bouche*, and receiving from him his criticisms on it, whilst Mrs. Trevernen would be talking about Blanche to her brother, and suggesting a visit from her, and Evered would stop the entire conversation by arresting the attention of the whole party by some piece of news or some amusing incident he had happened to notice; and thus the tea-drinking was a lengthy and unceremonious meal at Lamorna House, as well as others in the town of Pendeen and its neighbourhood.

Whilst conversation was flowing from various channels, Sir Hugh said, "So I hear you are determined on going to Ireland, Evered?"

"Yes, Uncle."

"And when do you go, my lad?"

"Well, brother," said Mrs. Trevernen, "not for a few days, as we have all but made up our mind to let Helen go also. We have received the kindest invitation from Mrs. Power, and we think it is an opportunity which should not be lost."

"We think, my dear!" broke in Mr. Trevernen. "I was not aware that it was seriously entertained,—not for a moment."

"No, dear Papa," spoke out Helen from behind her tea-urn, "not at the moment."

"Ah, ah," said the Doctor, "that makes all the difference."

"Come, come, Doctor," said Mr. Trevernen.

"Oh," chuckled the Doctor, "I merely called your attention," emphatically pronouncing the first syllable of the word attention as the gravamen which had caused the misunderstanding. And then, slyly looking at Helen, he said, "Another cup of tea, my dear Miss."

"Doctor, you are incorrigible," laughed out

Helen. "You really must be provided with a cap and bells when you come here."

"And with yellow stockings," broke in the Doctor. "Malvolio the world over, my superdainty Helen. 'Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them,'" quoted the Doctor, his ready memory prompting this quotation from his favourite, Shakspeare.

"What do you mean, Doctor?" said Mrs. Trevernen.

"How mean to ask, Mamma!" said Helen, laughing. "As if the Doctor in his cap and bells can have a meaning for anything he says!"

"Mean thing," said the Doctor to Helen, and the whole company roared with laughter, exclaiming, "Too bad, too bad!"

"And so you are really going to leave us," said Dr. Fergus.

"Certainly," said Helen, "if papa gives me permission, and thinks there is no danger in this unsettled country."

"Then I shall mourn like Noah when the dove left the Ark."

"Thank you," said Helen; "that makes amends."

"And then—"

"Then what?" said Helen. "Don't spoil it."

"You'll be like the lark at heaven's gate,
Powering out your song of praise."

"Doctor, Doctor," said Helen, "I'm quite offended, and not another cup of tea shall you have this evening."

"What do you think, Sir Hugh?" said Mr. Trevernen; "is it discreet to let Helen go?"

"Let her go," said Sir Hugh, perceiving the disposition of his niece, and willing to do her a good turn, "let her go. Certainly, it will do her good. She will see a little of the world, and make the Doctor play such fantastic tricks as will make the angels weep." Sir Hugh was not apt at witticisms; he meant well; but coming from him, all laughed,—the good-humoured Doctor, as willing to take as to give, included.

"But the state of Ireland," said Mr. Trevernen, as the tea-things were being taken away, "that gives me uneasiness. Now, we are considering seriously whether Helen shall go."

The Doctor, Sir Hugh, and Mr. Trevernen now closed up to talk, whilst the ladies were making their little preparations for the remainder of the evening.

"I admit," said Sir Hugh, "Ireland has been England's difficulty, and it is but a very short time since we saw these troubles fermenting in the rooted animosities against the English Government."

"How insane of the Irish," said the Doctor, "to involve themselves by entering into the secret societies of the French revolutionists!"

"What could have been their object?" said Mr. Trevernen.

"Their object was patent enough," said Sir Hugh. "It was and is separation from England."

"But," said Helen, leaning on her papa's shoulder, and addressing herself to the Doctor, "has there not been a removal of restrictions which misled them in hoping for more, especially when Earl Fitzwilliam, the popular Viceroy, gave them to understand they might expect a further repeal of obnoxious laws, and when the eloquent tribune, Mr. Grattan, pleaded for them in their Parliament. And when Pitt crushed their hopes by recalling the Earl and sending Lord Camden to replace him, no wonder there were addresses to the Earl, and mourning in Dublin at his departure."

"Why, Helen," said Mr. Trevernen, "you frighten me with such views."

"I am afraid," said Sir Hugh, "that you will get into trouble if you talk in this way."

"It's all nothing," broke in the Doctor. "I know Helen well. She's always in the opposition in argument. And how should we know she is such a politician unless we heard her, like Hamlet, offering 'to drink up Esil and eat a crocodile'?"

"What could have induced the French," said Mr. Trevernen, continuing the subject to satisfy his mind whether Helen ought to go or not, "to fit out General Hoche from Brest with five-and-twenty ships of the line?"

"Well, that makes it pretty clear, if they intended to fight with England," said the Doctor, "a rebellion in Ireland would be no mean advantage to them, as it would detach the Irish, and find warm employment for the British troops."

"It was, though, a fortunate thing that the enterprise failed," said Sir Hugh; "I forget how many of the ships met with disaster; nevertheless, the Admiral Brouet—"

"Bouvet," said Helen, seeing her uncle's memory at fault.

"Bouvet," said Sir Hugh with a smile of thanks to Helen, "wouldn't land his troops without Hoche."

"Yes," said the Doctor, "it was decidedly so, and that opened the eyes of Government to strengthen the defences against invasion."

"And may give plenty of work to Merlin even yet," said Sir Hugh.

"Then," said Mr. Trevernen, "I doubt the propriety of Helen and Evered leaving these shores."

"Pooh, pooh," said the Doctor, "they don't hang puppy dogs, or—"

"What, my lord paramount!" said Helen.

"Make young lasses chronicle small beer," said the Doctor finishing his speech.

"Shakspeare again!" said Evered.

"Yes, indeed, or else 'I'm turned Turk,'" said the Doctor.

"But," said Mr. Trevernen, again returning to the discussion, his mind being evidently uneasy, "I am not at all satisfied that the spirit which so lately prevailed is dead, which caused the disaffection to spread not over all the south, but to extend to the north of Ireland; all classes were affected, committees were formed, regi-

ments improvised without arms in expectation of aid from France!"

"Yes, Papa," said Helen, "and songs were composed by patriots," and then commenced warbling Moore's war song, then in its full blaze of popularity, 'Remember the glories of Brien the Brave.'

"And fulsome toasts at every dinner-table were drunk," said the Doctor, "such as, 'May the breezes from France fan our Irish oak into verdure;' no wonder the impulsive and unthinking people were led astray."

"But, then," said Mr. Trevernen, "how narrowly Dublin Castle escaped from being seized!"

"Yes, and it would have been," said Helen with great warmth, "but for conspiracy and the detestable act of a spy!"

"Helen, Helen!" said Mrs. Trevernen.

"But why dwell on these transactions?" said Sir Hugh; "the insurrection, we all know, took the precise character of a Popish rebellion, and thereby fortunately prevented the co-operation of the Protestant North. We know how the insurgents defeated the garrison at Wexford, and took possession of the town."

And held it," said Helen, "expecting reinforcements from the North."

"Silence, Helen," said her father.

"And, to cut the matter short," said the Doctor, "how General Lake, at Vinegar Hill, near Enniscorthy, defeated and destroyed the undisciplined forces, and finished the rebellion!"

"Were you at Vinegar Hill?" said Helen almost irascibly.

"No," said the Doctor with great placidity.

"Oh! I thought you were, by your 'gall and wormwood!'"

"Helen," said the Doctor seriously, "I have ever thought you a sensible girl, I hope I shall never have to alter my opinion; but if you indulge in such romantic notions as you have given expression to this night, interesting yourself in a cause with which you are not concerned, and in opposition to the Government of your country, I shall change my opinion, and think your father will exercise a wise discretion in not allowing you to visit Ireland."

"Why, Doctor," said Helen, "you are quite serious; what effect could anything I may say have? besides, the rebellion is over!"

"Much," said the Doctor; "women can make cockades for young and ardent men. Perhaps Mr. Power may be one;" here Helen blushed

up to her eyes, and her bosom heaved with emotion,—evidently the dart shot at a venture had gone home; "besides," he continued, "know you not, have you not seen the glorious ocean after a storm, how its billows rise and fall, not yet lulled after the winds have been recalled into the hollow of their Maker's hands?"

"Where do your friends live, Helen?" said her uncle.

"At Youghal, Uncle."

"In the south, then, and amidst the population who have been most active; you must exercise discretion, Helen."

"And, as Iago says," broke in the imperturbable Doctor, "you must keep your tongue within doors."

"But," said Evered, "the Powers are Dublin people."

"True," said Helen, destroying her brother's unfair inference, "but the General being away, Mrs. Power has given up the house in Dublin, and resides at this beautiful place, as she informs me, amongst her own relations; and one inducement held out for me to go is the comparative vicinity to Killarney, and the country about there, which she thinks must resemble Corn-

wall, being rugged with rocks, barriers to the wild waves of the Atlantic."

Mr. Trevernen offering no further opposition, it became apparent that very soon Helen would visit Ireland. The Doctor looked at his watch, immediately Sir Hugh did the same, and so did Mr. Trevernen, as a check. The mean time having been settled, the Doctor and Sir Hugh arranged to ride home together, and orders were sent for Sir Hugh's groom to get the horses ready. A new and handsome spinette formed a part of the furniture of Helen's drawing-room, a present from her uncle and Blanche, on their coming home. Sir Hugh, on leaving, asked Helen how she liked it, and whether she thought she would be ever able to play it?

Helen admitted she found great difficulty, but was glad to say she had made great progress. "Would Uncle," she said, "give her love to Blanche, and ask her to come over; and, with her help, she would soon master it."

The Doctor, as usual, broke in: "He would see that Sir Hugh delivered his message; and if he didn't, he would himself."

"Do," said Sir Hugh, "come over, and we'll have a game at *écarté!*"

Helen, all good nature, now opened her spinette, and displayed her powers, which were very creditable, so that her uncle might know for himself how his present was appreciated. The Doctor got hold of Helen's music folio, and there he found two of the pieces he had given her, which he obtained with difficulty from one of his many friends scattered over the wide world. One was Handel's 'Wise men flattering,' the other Haydn's 'On mighty pens.' As a favour Helen, with her little guitar, accompanied herself, and sang these two lovely compositions.

"And now," said the Doctor, booted and spurred for riding, indulging in his native accent, "what think ye, lassie, o' the Bard o' Ayrshire? He's the sweetest whistler in a' the woods; he'll be Scotia's poet, and the Shakspeare o' the North. Have ye read the bit poem I lent ye mysel'? if ye have, I'll just pit it in my pouche, and take it hame, for I no mind it mysel' as yet. Eh, Tam's a glorious fellow," and quoting the line of 'Tam o' Shanter,' "When at hame I sit bousing at my nappy."

Helen immediately quoted the following, which she remembered and maliciously said, of course:—"You get fou, and unco happy."

"The nags are ready."

"Mony thanks, lad," said the Doctor, turning to Evered, who had just re-entered with this information. "And so ye are bent on ganging to Ireland; weel aweel! Mind ye look out for the t'other leg of the 'dodo' for his worship;"—(this was said in consequence of the discussion on Evered's lecture on Ornithology, when his worshipful the Mayor of Pendeen, having remembered when a boy seeing a leg of the extinct dodo, requested to know if the other leg had ever been found or was in existence)—"but ye'll no find it; just bring hame a leg of a guse, lad, weel painted with red ochre, 'twill do just as weel, just as weel. Not anither drap,—neither het nor cold; wad ye pit the maut abune the meal? Nay, not anither drap, lass. Fare ye weel—fare ye weel," and, descending the steps, the exhilarated Doctor looked upwards and saw the spangled heavens, and was reminded of his favourite poet, and immediately indulged his fancy by singing,

> "Aye, the bonny moon—I ken her horn,
> That's blinking in the lift so hie."

"Ken ye that, lassie," he repeated, turning round and giving a last look at Helen, who was still

standing in the doorway with her brother. "'It's Rab, the whistling Pleughman,' I've just had it o'er from my auld friend Sandy Mackaw; ye shall have a copy of it, lassie! Woo! woo, Scrubby! stand still, mon; I'm no fou nor farmer Goodtoddy,—ye suld ken one weel enough now. Woo! woo! I say, the deil's in the horse, with his trantrams, now he's in gude company. Ah! ye suld be rid by Doctor Macphlush, of the 49th,—ye mind him, Sir Hugh?"

"Eh, eh! Doctor, no man I take it has known you long without hearing of Doctor Macslush."

"Phlush, man!"

"Very well, Doctor, just as you like, but come away, I can't hold in Leander any longer; he's pulling my arms off!"

"Gang on, then! gang on, then," said the Doctor, giving the spur to Scrubby. "My certie," he exclaimed, "the hinder leg is foremost now," as Scrubby struck sparks from his shoes on starting; and was further heard to say by Helen, as he galloped off, "Here's fire eneugh for a broadside from the hale fleet."

Blanche, having received her letter from Merlin, and pondered over it until she had it fairly committed to memory, was pleased to hear from her

father that he also had received a letter expressed just exactly as he desired.

"That boy," he said to Blanche, "will do me credit."

"I perceive, dear Papa," said Blanche, "this conversation being at the breakfast-table, that Merlin—I mean Mr. Tregarthen—"

"Call him Merlin, Blanche, as you have been accustomed, for he was child and boy here, under my protection."

Blanche felt a cold tremor coming over her—she did not understand her father at all—she did not know what might be coming next—she thought her father's behaviour inexplicable and extraordinary. Sir Hugh did not notice the effect of his expressions on his daughter, his own thoughts were occupied with Merlin,—how he could aid his advancement, and whether the time would ever come that he could own him! Blanche's thoughts were away with Merlin, and what her father meant,—should she tell him of her engagement,—would it be congenial, or otherwise? She almost dared and felt the temptation, for he desired her to call him Merlin. Merlin was now a man,—did she interpret her father aright? Conscience and rea-

son answered her. "Not now;" the "not now" satisfied her, and she repeated to herself the letter, and began to exercise patience and wait for the next. Sir Hugh and Blanche, by mutual understanding from different reasons, changed the conversation. Blanche to walk and dream, her father to take his accustomed seat in the porch, and talk about Merlin to old Kitty.

Blanche was ready to visit her aunt and Helen, and needed no inducement from Sir Hugh or Dr. Fergus. The conversation changed naturally to the tea-drinking the preceding evening at Lamorna House, and the regrets expressed and now conveyed at Blanche's absence. Helen, he told her, "had been very brilliant," and the Doctor more than usually humorous. He also said, "They are two rare wits," and it appeared to him when they met, they both fell to as naturally as a hound would chase a hare. He said that her aunt had invited her over, and he thought that, as she would be left alone, she had better accept the invitation. It was now settled, and Blanche understood, everything would be made pleasant for her at her aunt's; and by her accepting the invitation, it would conduce to the happiness of both families. Accordingly,

when Blanche received her two letters from Lamorna House, one from her aunt and the other from Helen, she was quite prepared to answer them, which she did promptly, sending her reply by the daily messenger from the Hall to Pendeen.

Blanche had been just a day at Lamorna House before Helen and Evered left for Dublin, the place for their arrival in Ireland. The reception afforded to Blanche was now sincere, and without any misconception. Blanche was mistress at Tregarthen Hall, that was settled. Evered had injudiciously, as it was believed, made proposals, and had been rejected. That was now passed over, and would be forgotten, Mrs. Trevernen hoped, by Evered and Blanche. There was, however, a suspicion that Blanche was secretly disposed towards Merlin, nothing more. It was not known at Lamorna House who he was, it was suspected; and that at the right time, and in the right manner, Blanche would know also; and if their surmises were correct, then, as a matter of course, there would be an end of the affair, even if it should turn out true that Blanche liked Merlin, and therefore it would be unwise now to stimulate her feelings by any

indiscreet revelations of their belief. "Merlin is now afloat, and can be but little on shore," thought Mrs. Trevernen; and for Blanche's sake she determined not to feed the flame, but to let it die out for want of nourishment. There was apparently no concealment, nothing in the background; Blanche did not look very deep beneath the surface, she thought Evered's passion explained all, and she met her aunt and Helen as she had never before. Evered was present at the tea-table as usual, and every cloud had disappeared. Nothing was said by him, no explanation, no reference; he understood his peace was made by Helen, so he courteously paid Blanche the usual amenities of life, and she accepted them. There was a little fraternizing between the cousins in the course of the evening as they sat down to work. Blanche played, and in reality gave Helen a lesson on her spinette. Helen regretted when at the spinette that she had seen so little of Blanche; and now she was going away, and with her headstrong brother; she hoped no harm would come to him.

"Oh! dear Blanche," she said; "I have so longed to sée you. I was tempted to write to you, but I thought I had better not."

"Quite right," said Blanche, placing for the first time, her loving arm on her cousin's shoulder; "I am glad you didn't."

"But," Helen said, "we are going away, and I should like to make peace for Evered."

"It is made," said Blanche, "on the assurance the offence will and can never be repeated, and may be forgotten."

"But Evered was very rash, and very rude, and, I think," whispered Helen, "unfeeling."

"Dear Helen," whispered Blanche, "I am come here to visit aunt, and bid you a pleasant visit. I hope there will be nothing unpleasant in consequence. Evered is forgiven, and I do not comprehend there was anything particularly unfeeling; and beyond his romantic heedlessness, I know of nothing."

Here Blanche blushed crimson before the piercing glance of Helen, whose lips quivered, but spoke not. Here already was the second time Blanche had to dissemble, and in both she had palpably failed. Her father was blind; her cousin was a woman, and all eyes. Helen was a lady in spirit, and she now, apparently by accident, took her cousin's hand to be shown a movement on the key-board. Thereon unseen was the

talismanic touch, given and accepted, and the cousins were fast friends. Blanche knew Helen had discovered her secret, and believed and trusted her. Helen, with violent effort, stamped out from her nature all exultation, and avowed down in the depths of her being to be true to friendship. She couldn't help her discovery, she had enough now to satisfy her ambition; she was now even with Blanche, and her bright and intelligent intellect—the expression of her great and loving soul—took into her heart the loved and lovable Blanche.

Helen was now quite ready, in return, to bestow her confidence in glowing words as soon as the mind of Blanche was prepared. The evening hour passed rapidly away, and before it closed Blanche had heard of Power, and all about him, and was allowed to believe that if he proposed to her during her visit, his suit would be accepted. Helen noticed that Blanche allowed her secret to remain, never alluding to it. She accepted the condition as transient. They promised to correspond with each other; and when the moment for the departure arrived, they parted with mutual affection and confidence.

Blanche remained some days with her aunt,

but was glad when her visit was ended, and she returned to Tregarthen Hall. Lamorna House without Helen was dull, as was proved, Mrs. Trevernen said, by the very seldom and hurried visits of Dr. Fergus.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night;
Give me back, give me back the wild freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light."
MOORE.

THE preceding chapter of this story closed with the departure of Helen Trevernen and her brother Evered from Lamorna House, to pay their promised visit to Mrs. Power. Their route was Dublin, where Fred Power had arranged to meet them, and conduct them to his mother's house at Youghal, where she had resided during the absence of her husband in India, and that of her son at college, where she had induced him to obtain his degree, much against his will, but in obedience to his mother's urgent wishes, in consequence of the troubled state of Ireland, and

a mother's fears lest he should become involved with the ardent spirits, many of whom were personal friends, who sympathized with the leaders of the Rebellion, and who were consequently obnoxious to Government.

Mrs. Power, with her only son Frederick, or Fred, as he was usually styled, had during the greater part of these distracted times lived peaceably in her pretty and well-furnished house, remote from the immediate scenes of discord and disaffection. She now lived in the vicinity of her native home, surrounded with her relations, and was glad to leave the fashionable life of Dublin, and repose here in quietness whilst her husband was serving abroad. Anxious at all times, Mrs. Power was doubly so now, deprived as she was, of the solace and guidance of her husband, to control the too evident disposition of her son, and prevent him from endangering his life by associating with friends whom she knew to be involved in danger. "Had Fred," she said, "been at college during these unhappy times, I should have been spared much anxiety, but now I am apprehensive of danger, and in constant fear every time he leaves me."

In this state of mind Mrs. Power, at breakfast

with her only son, opened her correspondence. She had one prized letter from India, which brought her news from her dear husband. Six months ago she knew he was in the land of the living, and battling manfully against the effects of an Indian climate, and waiting patiently for his full time of service to be completed, when he might sail for his beloved home, and join his faithful wife, to end their days together after the danger and toils of his professional career. Fred, his dear son, occupied much of his thought at the time he penned his letter. He was well aware of the state of Ireland, and of the feelings of a large portion of his countrymen; he judged accurately that their attempts to separate themselves from England would end in failure, and he anticipated, with sorrow and grief, the rending asunder of families, the bitter feuds that must be engendered, as well as the imminent danger of personal friends, in this, as he termed it, unfortunate Rebellion.

"It must be ruinous, my dear Eleanor," he said, "now that it has resolved into a Popish Rebellion. The only chance of success could have been—and that a probable one only—by Ireland being united as one man, and that condi-

tion aided by England being at war. I fear for Fred, exercise your influence over him; tell him from me, if he sympathizes with the Rebellion, he is ruined, and may ruin me. I fear his impulsive disposition, and I fear more the allurements and the insidious sophistry of friends. Poor Emmett, our friend, and Fred's companion, I fear, will expiate his folly with his life; I can call it no better, Eleanor. Oh! what misery to us if our dear boy, our only child is seduced; and I come home, after years of toil in India, with a reputation untarnished, and a competency to afford us every comfort, and even luxury, to find Fred an exile, or in a dungeon. Plead with him, dear Eleanor, and keep him out of danger if you would keep my hoary head from going down to the grave in sorrow."

This affectionate letter caused tears to flow down the cheeks of Mrs. Power. Fred was much affected; for after he knew that his father was well, he judged there were expressions of fear and anxiety for him.

"Read the letter, my dear boy," said Mrs. Power; "and now you are to go up to Dublin, oh! let me implore you to curtail your visit as much as possible. Abstain from frequenting

clubs, as Government spies are everywhere, and make all haste and come down here, for sure there is enough here to interest your visitors in the glorious scenery and the warm friendship of relations."

"Dearest mother," Fred said when he had read his father's letter, "hitherto I have escaped danger; narrowly, I confess, and I hope now the worst is over. Justice has got her victims; her maw is satisfied, and she won't look too narrowly after those who are not deeply implicated. Poor Emmett, I hear, is to be sacrificed, and others. But I must show myself in Dublin, and, trust me, mother, I will be very cautious, and remain no longer there than absolutely necessary."

"Dear boy," said Mrs. Power, "I shall wait anxiously for your return. When do you expect your friends? I ask so that you may be niggardly of your time whilst in Dublin. And now let me express my satisfaction at your fair prospects, and a mother's hope that the fair Helen—"

"Dark, mother!"

"Well, my dear boy, fair or dark, it is all one to me, so long as she comes up to your description, and proves as true and good as your imagination paints her."

"She is very small, mother—*petite*, that's the term."

"Well, then, Fred, she is just the opposite of you; and, as Biddy says, 'love-matches go for a sartainty by the rules of contrary.'"

Mrs. Power now understood that her son intended going personally to Dublin. She was irresolute whether or not to attempt to dissuade him, or whether she should suggest to him that some one of their many friends should be written to, and be asked to receive the visitors, and make the best excuse or explanation possible for his absence; accounting for it by the troublous times, and more especially political excitement in and about Dublin, but nothing came of it. She sat and watched the countenance of her son, and saw there betrayed the agitation of his mind. Mrs. Power now felt persuaded from her son's manner that he had made his preparations, and was about to proceed, and not without risk, as she was well convinced, to his personal liberty. She now asked him when he intended starting, and the route he intended to travel.

"I shall leave, dear mother," he said, "in the cool of the evening, and ride my trusty steed to Waterford, where I shall be guided by circum-

stances, and I hope from thence to take the Mail and travel unobserved. The wind has been easterly some time, and I judge the packet will arrive punctually."

"Sure, your honour," said Biddy, now removing the cloth, "nothing good comes from the east."

"Silence, Biddy," said Mrs. Power! Fred Power understood Biddy; she never spoke thus without a reason, and he therefore retired from the breakfast-room as quickly as he possibly could without exciting his mother's suspicion.

"Well, Biddy," said Power "what news?"

Biddy's mouth was full of answers at all times, but none were needed now, for a spalpeen of a boy clad in rags made his way disregarding Biddy, and handed Power a letter, which, from the bearer and the excitement caused in reading it, may be fairly presumed to have been of a very treasonable character.

"I'll run the risk, however," thought Power, "and travel straight north from Waterford, though I am warned to keep away from the neighbourhood of Wexford, where both parties are infuriated with each other. I shall shorten the distance, and be none too soon. To Limerick and up the

Shannon, from thence sneaking through the country,—no, no! Tell Phil, Biddy, to have my horse ready at the time arranged;" and then folding up his letter, said "I will go right up."

Power kept his word; he was well mounted, and did his thirty or forty miles to Waterford in good style. He put up at the leading hotel, and partook of refreshment in the public coffee-room, which was constantly being filled and emptied by the flux and reflux of an excited and impulsive human tide. Power was struck with the utter absence of confidence of man with his fellow-man, all were afraid, some spoke in whispers, hardly daring to trust their bosom friends with whom they were in company. There were spies abroad, and the most open-mouthed rebellionist might be one; the loudest speakers uttering opinions against the tyranny of the English Government were suspected to be such. Business went on at the hotel as usual, and there was the usual amount of free-and-easy chat in the public room for strangers and travellers, but no man spoke his sentiments, or if he did he was not believed, all was suspicion. Power was known by many, noticed openly, by none—some stared at him significantly, which meant you are going to

put your head under a halter; others whom he knew scowled at him, believing he had made terms with Government, until evidently reassured to the contrary by a return visit to the hotel with more placable countenances. Power noticed this, and feared he would have to remain here in consequence, until he was informed as to the exigencies of the day. He knew if he travelled under suspicion of being a traitor, he would never reach Dublin; and he feared by the evident uneasiness that something had happened of which he was not cognizant, and had not been apprised of, most likely for the want of opportunity. He called to mind the contents of his letter; there was nothing in it beyond a very decided opinion that if he must go to Dublin he had better be as long as he could be in going, and by Limerick amongst friends. "Has another wild scheme been hatched and blown on?" thought Power, "or have the Government penetrated wider than I expected and are about to lay hold of men indirectly complicated, but by no overt act? If so," thought Power, "I am very insecure." Whilst pondering over these reflections, and endeavouring to chat with the present frequenters of the room, and feeling himself to be shunned, his

attention was arrested by a crowd outside the door. This was no unusual occurrence when anything transpired at the hotel, indeed every opportunity was seized on by the street Arabs to congregate there; the arrival or departure of the coach, for instance, was an acknowledged and privileged occasion for an appeal for charity from every known cause, and for every known reason.

This evening had turned in wet, no unusual thing, especially in the South of Ireland, the only drawback to its glorious climate and enchanting scenery; it had the effect of thinning the crowd, for the coach had gone, and there was nothing more to excite curiosity and beggary except from any extraordinary cause which might occur, and which kept the younger members of itinerancy, and their mothers with their sucklings, still lingering in the hope that the compassion and pity of the visitors in their in-goings and out-goings might be touched by the drenching rain. The more rain the more charity, and the more urgent their cry for the love of God and the Vargin!

Amidst the thinning group, Power noticed a female with pretensions to minstrelsy,—she had a

harp with her, and a child young in years, perhaps old in the ways of the world, certainly in rags and wet to the skin. He appeared to be the pioneer for his mother, or perhaps his sister, and by dint of appeals and threatenings worked his way to the nearest point allowable to the hotel door. The wet woman, or wild girl, had now gained her position, and slipped her small Irish harp from off her shoulder where it had hung for hours, if not like the Royal Exiles of old on the weeping willows, certainly on the dripping back. The quick and tuneful ear of the minstrel soon adjusted the strings for harmony with the wind of heaven, her wet hands for a second played mournfully athwart the strings just to get them into play, or to be sure they had not forgot their cunning. She tried her voice with a few wild notes moaning through the air, when the crowd ceased their incessant squabbling. "Hush, *acushla*, be aisy now,"—"be off wid yer, it's the song we are to have;" and such like sentences were passed around, when the wet and hungry beggars forgot their ills and woes, and turned their tuneful ears with longing instincts to listen to the melody of sound, to have their passions roused by the wild recitations, to tune and metre,

of the heroism of the great past; or mournfully have their sympathies awakened to tears at the wail threnes of the misfortunes of their passionately loved Island of Sorrow! Such was the group, and the minstrel held them enthralled as she chanted the heroic deeds of their country.

Power was attracted by the melody—he was a melodist by nature—he fancied he had heard the voice before, but where he could not for the moment remember. He had not seen the minstrel, he only heard her music vibrating through the room, therefore the law of causation was not now in force. Could he have dreamt of the minstrel? He remembered his sleep had been disturbed last night,—he remembered that he had been dreaming that he was away in the mountain hiding, and lulled by the music of rushing waters, ever and anon changing into harpers with their harps sweeping along the lakes. Perturbed in mind he rose up and left the room, attracted by the concord of sweet sounds, and walked towards the hotel door, where he caught a sight of the singer, and whom he instantly recognized as an accustomed performer in Dublin, and especially on summer evenings under the balconies, and at club doors. She instantly recognized Power

with an intelligent glance, and finished with as much rapidity as circumstances would permit Moore's heroic melody,—

"Avenging and bright falls the swift sword of Erin."

She omitted the appeal for his honour's charity so customary, and gave herself scarcely time to restring her harp to tune, when, with a gleam of intelligence, she recommenced singing, hushing again the squabbling listeners into silence. She sang now with mournful expression another of Moore's Melodies, then fresh from the poet's pen, filling every glen and glade, mountain and stream of the land,—

"Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded
That even in sorrow were sweet.
Does Time with her cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee tear for tear."

The ballad was finished, the harp reslung over the shoulder, and the minstrel departed, followed by the boy.

Power now felt assured the ballad minstrel had invited him to follow her! Wet as it was

he wrapt his cloak around him and followed her through dark streets of the city, up one and down another, passing through the same street more than once, and entering it from a circuitous way at the other end. Occasionally a glance was bestowed on Power, but it was evident it was considered unnecessary as she was well aware she was being followed. At length with a hurried glance, to be sure she was unobserved by any watchers and closely followed by Power, she dived down a dark passage and with lightning rapidity opened a door, leaving it ajar, and was in a moment out of sight. In a second Power followed her and found himself in the midst of outlawed conspirators, most of whom were unknown. Despair was on every countenance, the game was up, recriminations were on every lip, the noblest characters were foully aspersed. Amongst others, his father as a tool of the Government although abroad. Why was he not here with his sword and his influence to bind the people? Power himself was now accused of being a traitor; he was informed that it was intended to dispatch him on the way, but he was spared because a friend had counselled otherwise.

Power could now understand why he was advised to take the Limerick route. What had he to say? How could he assure them that he, Fred Power, was going to Dublin to meet English friends? He was disbelieved. Fortunately Power had letters from Evered and also from Helen, of a sympathetic character which he blushed to show, but which were so characteristic that they told more to assure the concealed conspirators of his sincerity than the more strongly expressed letters of Evered, which contained in one or two instances dangerous and impolitic sentences. Money was wanted, and all Power had was freely taken from him, and from this he knew he was not allowed to proceed. He was not trusted, because he was just the character the Government wanted, young and inexperienced, and easily led away, not too deeply implicated, and known to possess an intimate knowledge of the intricacies of the rebellion and the prime movers thereof. Power was told he must go back, and with the assurance that he would do so, was allowed to depart.

The minstrel was now called in, and she was commissioned to make known to Power's friends in Dublin his inability of fulfilling his engage-

ment, by letter, penned in the same handwriting as the friendly one of caution he had received at his mother's house, previous to his departure. Other letters were to be prepared for the messenger of song which could not be entrusted to His Majesty's Mail, and Power was permitted to send any other private letters his altered circumstances required by the same opportunity. Time was given him to prepare them, and a place of appointment fixed, and a description of the person given to whom he was to deliver his correspondence.

The wet evening had now drawn to a close, and Power found his way back to his Hotel with all speed, and occupied the allotted time with writing to Evered and Helen under cover, which done, he found the minstrel's boy in waiting, to whom he delivered his letters, well knowing they would be promptly put in the twopenny post at Dublin.

With much anxiety of mind Power returned to his home, there to await the arrival of his visitors instead of meeting them in Dublin, and spending some little time there with Evered and his sister, enjoying the gaieties of the city and the companionship of friends.

The minstrel was dispatched with her letters,

some of which were concealed in her dress, others of less importance were more exposed, if she miscarried and was subjected to investigation, as a foil to those which, if discovered, would be of serious consequences in betraying both the names and the place of hiding of the outlawed of the Government. With true national instinct this minstrel was elated at her mission, proud to be so honoured, and delighted to be used on a secret service, especially one which required all the acumen of an adept, in being ready-witted and of quick perceptions to meet every emergency, and to turn it to advantage by the intuition of a quick invention. Free and easy in manner, smart in repartee amongst her class, she soon passed unsuspected from town to town, and found herself in the Irish metropolis, where she was at home, and in waiting for further occupation of this kind so congenial to her taste, and to very many of her countrymen and women, and especially so at this critical time in their country's history.

Evered and Helen Trevernen were disappointed on their arrival in Dublin that Fred Power was not there to receive them, but everything that the hospitality of Fred's friends, coupled with

every explanation possible, was lavishly bestowed to make amends. Evered was not altogether surprised; his correspondence had been of that character which showed his sympathies to be with the popular cause, and in common with Power. He was disappointed, not because he would not see Dublin,—he would see it now and with the same friends,—but because he would not see that rebellious section of it, and be admitted into that society of conspiracy which his vanity or his ambition led him to hope would be the case. He had pictured scenes in his heated imagination; he had, as he believed, driven out from his bosom the absorbing passion of love, and, like the man in the Scripture record, he "went through divers places seeking rest and finding none;" and now had come another passion seven times worse than the first, taking possession of the whole man, and he forsooth must be a conspirator, and had expected to have been received into the company of the unfortunate Emmett and his fellows, as a sympathizing Englishman; and to be used as a stimulant that he was but one of a large class of the educated and middling classes of England, who not only sympathized with the cause, but would rejoice at its success. In all this Evered,

fortunately for him, was disappointed, and he was now impatient to leave Dublin, and to join Power in the South, for it had lost its interest.

Helen had been accustomed to country life. Dublin had attractions which dazzled and delighted her. She was fully aware of all the circumstances by which she was surrounded, and had her fears of evil consequences from them. She had long known that Power was one of the disaffected, "and had often felt uneasy as a friend," she said to Evered, "that he might become involved in the struggle." She also knew her brother's sentiments; without any disguise, discretion, or judgment he paraded them amongst his friends, but they were either laughed at, unheeded, or allowed to pass as the fervour of youth; but Helen knew her brother's mind well, and the circumstances which induced such a state, and elt, now that she was in Ireland, apprehensive lest he would either make himself ridiculous or get into trouble. Helen, however, was not in an immediate hurry to leave Dublin; she was brought to the fountain, she said, and she would like to drink of it; nevertheless she deeply regretted Power was not present, his presence she felt would enhance her pleasure greatly, and,

like Desdemona, she felt a divided interest; she would like to remain here, and yet she would like to be at Mrs. Power's, as her company would enliven her, and she hoped her spirits would cheer Power, whom she knew must be very dejected now. A few cautious days were spent in Dublin; Helen Trevernen won golden opinions amongst Power's friends and relations, some of whom promised to meet her in the South, explaining to her that the times were out of joint, and there was now no enjoyment in Dublin.

Evered Trevernen's disposition and tendencies had, like shadows, gone before him; he was unconsciously muzzled; every got-up sentiment of disaffection was stopped before it was uttered. He was troubled, because he could not blurt it out amongst friends within doors, and mortified that he, from England, a would-be representative man, was not listened to nor allowed to speak, and was in fact a nobody, and about to be passed on, to be like Master Tommy Dart, of the 'Hercules,' out of sight and out of mind.

The busy city, so cheering at night by being lighted, was to Helen very attractive, unused to it as she had been. The bustle and the gaiety produced by the unusual number of soldiers was

not without effect on Helen's mind. She had never seen the like before. The theatre, full of wealth and fashion, dazzled her, and she would have liked to remain. But there were contrasts which were suggestive of pain; there was suffering, despondency, and uneasiness pervading society; and there was suffering after a manner she had never conceived in the beggary of the beggars, in overwhelming numbers with their importunities. One, a minstrel, however, attracted her attention, or else she attracted the minstrel's, for she followed her without begging, and when her curiosity was satisfied, left her. The evening, however, did not pass over without her seeing the minstrel again, for she heard her melodious voice from the balcony of the house where she was staying, and looked over, and remembered the woman who had so fascinated her imagination. Her little Irish harp was with her now, she accompanied herself on it, and sang a wild, plaintive song of unknown origin or composition. Helen Trevernen's attention was now given to the minstrel. She remarked on her exquisite taste, so sensitive, as if her feelings were affected by the song she was singing. It changed from grave to gay, from sadness to joy, like clouds and sunshine, giving

beauty and meaning to the scenery of her home, as well as to that she was now seeing here.

It was whilst the attention of Helen was drawn away from the minstrel in making these observations, that the listening crowd outside became excited; and when the cause became known to the listeners on the balcony, that they became alarmed, and palpably showed it in their concerned countenances. The minstrel was arrested by the law officers, and conducted in custody to prison. She offered no opposition, but appeared by her manner not surprised by such a termination to her minstrelsy. Whatever were the words spoken to her, it was quite clear it was her desire to avoid a scene, and prevent the ill consequences of an attempted rescue by her confraternity. Doubtless she had her reasons; one look only of significance escaped her when she looked upwards to the balcony, but evidently it could not have been understood. Helen noticed it, and asked if it had been seen; such was her manner that her interrogation was not evaded but answered directly. Helen was informed that it was suspected that something of her mission to Dublin was known to the Government, and that most likely she would be examined in the morning, but

whether they were to understand there was nothing to fear, or whether she intended to make disclosures to them, they could not tell. Helen warmed up in her favour and expressed her opinion that if she were suspected, she would not betray her friends.

This opportunity was taken to let Evered and Helen know that it was desirable for them to travel South at once, and that every arrangement was made for them to leave Dublin on the morrow. The to-morrow came, when they left, and travelled rapidly and safely to Youghal.

It was evening, after a long day's journey, that the visitors found themselves at home with Mrs. Power and her son. The reception was truly Irish,—hospitable and frank. Helen was at home at once with Mrs. Power, who received her affectionately, as one who had languished for a long time for the companionship of a daughter. Evered and Fred, fast friends, were delighted to meet again; and Power's gratification of having Evered, accompanied by his sister, under his mother's roof, was undisguised and joyous. As soon as Helen had refreshed herself, and received from Mrs. Power her motherly reception, Fred Power and Helen found occasion to talk of

their last meeting and parting; and in the manner as well as on the topics of their first evening there was, to Helen's understanding, a pretty clear prognostication that this visit would be important in its results. The little party soon became on easy terms of friendship as they were clustered together, and before the evening closed, which was comparatively short, Helen being fatigued, mutual confidences had been established. It was quite clear to Power that his mother was already well disposed towards Helen, by her assiduous kindness personally bestowed on her. This caused Power's spirits to rise, and enabled him, after his mother and Helen had retired, to be more at his ease with Evered for an hour or so afterwards. Evered was disposed to talk politics, and of a character distasteful to Power; he, however, evaded this conversation, and turned its channel into a pleasanter and less dangerous one by postponing it, and observing that they would talk of old college times, and his pleasant visit to Cornwall, the first evening of their meeting after so long a separation. Power produced his best cigars and some choice whisky, and the two friends enjoyed these materials to a moderate extent, when Evered was conducted to his room by his friend.

Power rose early; he had that on his mind which caused him great uneasiness, and might, for anything he knew, cause his absence from his mother's home under very distressing and alarming circumstances. He was at home as soon as Evered was up, and before his mother and Helen, in good time for breakfast,—an altered man. He had heard from a sure hand that the minstrel girl had been in custody and secretly examined, and that she was at liberty again; and that amongst his friends there was great excitement, from the belief that Lord Camden, the Viceroy, was to be recalled, and that his successor was to be Earl Cornwallis, and that it was understood he would inaugurate his mission by a general pardon, in the hope of reconciliation. Power felt convinced, from the liberation of the minstrel girl, and a belief in the truth of the report, that he would not be molested,—in a word, that he was safe; and he breathed again, a free man, free to roam over his island home, and to enjoy the society of his friend, and yield himself up to the delicious influence of Helen Trevernen, whose attractions, now he had seen her again, were fascinating in the extreme.

Power had not an opportunity to make his mother acquainted with the change in his affairs before breakfast; he would have done so, but for the reason that he met, in the brightness of the morning, his imaginings in the flesh, sparkling with merriment and beauty, like the glistening dew still unabsorbed from the fresh and sweet-scented flowers in the tastefully laid-out garden. Helen was there alone, musing and taking-in the charms of the new scenery, when Power returned. His heart was too full of gladness for concealment; he knew that Helen must be aware of his apprehensions, although he and his mother avoided every allusion in the past evening to a subject so painful. Helen's intuitive quickness perceived in Power's manner there was a joy perfectly irrespective of her, and she hastened, in her own peculiar ingenuous manner, to congratulate him. In a few words he informed her of his state of mind, convulsively taking her two hands in his. In silence Helen looked him full in the face; the tear rose to the surface of her eye; she could not control it; it expressed personal suffering of mind altogether distinct from common sympathy, from the fervour of feeling evinced by Power when he

clasped her hands, leaving impressions which caused perturbation of mind in Helen and Power at the breakfast-table, although there were gladness and gratitude from another cause!

Mrs. Power was overjoyed when she heard from her son's own lips his news, and in her excess of gratitude added to the embarrassment of Helen, more than once calling a blush to her cheek. That she had accepted her for a daughter was quite clear to Helen's intuition, and she excused her—who would not under such circumstances?—for displaying so much of her mind. It was endearing to Helen; hers was a quick nature, and she liked it in others. She read Mrs. Power's thoughts as clearly as if they were spoken, who did not know what dissimulation meant, and was careless to conceal her sentiments to those she admitted into her inner circle of friendship. She believed that Helen Trevernen's accepting her invitation would necessarily lead to her engagement with her son. She had now seen her, lively and sparkling with good humour, and was disposed to like her for her son's sake, for she had come up to her expectation and Fred's description. And now a mountain was removed from her soul by the morn-

ing's news, and Miss Trevernen was simply Helen long before the breakfast was over; it was, however, a long meal this morning, but it afforded an opportunity for Helen to show those little attentions which she had been accustomed to bestow at home on her own mother, by anticipating little requirements just as she did at home, only substituting the words "Mrs. Power" for "let me, mamma." Mrs. Power received these little attentions most gladly; they were exquisitely agreeable, and made her long more than ever for a daughter's companionship.

Helen talked of her mamma. Mrs. Power hoped she would soon, in some way or other,—here Mrs. Power stopped short very suddenly, to rearrange her thoughts, for she could not say what she meant, at least not just yet; so there was a little blushing going over Miss Helen's face, and intelligent lookings from Mr. Fred Power, and, it must be admitted, a tittering from all, almost amounting to laughter. Everybody knew what Mrs. Power would have said; so after the tittering was over she resumed, having rearranged her speech, and hoped that she and Mrs. Trevernen would have the opportunity of visiting each other, and that it would be very agreeable, and—

"And what, dear mamma?" said Fred Power.

"And delightful, dear Fred," said Mrs. Power very collectedly, being determined now not to perceive anything significant in her son's manner, and remained quite satisfied that she had now expressed herself with propriety.

"Now, mamma," said Fred, "we must begin to show our visitors the beauties of our locality. I find that Evered is impatient to see Killarney, and therefore we must make our arrangements to satisfy his curiosity as quickly as possible."

Evered was moody; he found that Helen and Power, in the common language of the day, "were two," were together very much, and very busy in each other's affairs. His expectations had not been realized; he was of no importance to Ireland; and now, Helen had taken his place with his friend, and supplanted him altogether; and instead of scouring over the country with Power, running into this danger and escaping narrowly from that, camping out in the mountain huts, with buttermilk, potatoes, and whisky for supper, smoking dudeens with the wild peasantry and listening to the wilder recitals of the legends of their country,—he found himself either alone, chatting with Mrs. Power, or walking by

her side. "This won't do," thought Power, as the two friends were alone again, discussing their cigars and whisky toddy after the females had retired.

Evered now found in Power a listless ear when he discoursed of Blanche, for he knew all about it; he had just had Helen's version, which he believed of course, although it presented great discrepancies, and a very different complexion to that he had received from time to time in his correspondence. Evered intended his tale to be woven into a beautiful fabric of despair to-day and hope for the to-morrow; he expected, as the fair return of friendship, to have Power's candid opinion on every incident of disappointment wailed out, whilst of course, in the expectation that Helen would be coy, he would encourage Power, and give him, over whisky toddy and cigars, his candid opinion on every incident confided to him; and together they might mourn, and comfort each other half through the night,—Power to listen to his tale of love for Blanche, he in turn to listen to Power's misgivings, doubts, fears, and hopes concerning Helen.

"This won't do," thought Power, when Evered

began by informing his friend that he had had the blues all the day,—although Power had done his best to make him happy,—and began to settle down for a grand talk about Blanche. Power listened patiently to the same old tune, —thinking of Helen but hearing of Blanche. Evered had particularly called Power's attention to an incident which occurred some little time ago; now the moment had come when its significance would be apparent, and give point to his communication, and enable Fred to give his candid opinion on it; and now Evered with ill temper accused his friend of being inattentive, unfeeling, indifferent, and unsympathetic.

"Poor Evered," Power said to himself for the third time, "this won't do. I must get amusement for him." He thought, and was tempted, to ask his friends to get up a sham excitement, but the thought only lasted for a moment; he had had enough excitement,—it was dangerous; and then there was Helen dancing before his eyes in the whisky toddy and pirouetting in the smoke from his cigar. Power was quick, and repelled Evered's insinuation. They were old chums, and had often in college days their little tiffs, so this was nothing new; and Power at once

began to sympathize with Evered, and let him maudle on, and also see Blanche in his whisky punch and pirouette in the smoke of his cigar. The toddy drunk, there was no more eye-dancing; and the cigars being turned into ashes, the pirouetting was over for the night, to be reproduced in fantastic dreams, but which we know nothing about, the two friends not having communicated them to each other.

Plans were laid down for visiting friends in the neighbourhood of Killarney, but in the meantime Fred took his visitors to see the city of Cork, and visit friends there, all of whom welcomed Power with a significant welcome,—the good news had been confirmed. Power's friends, always ready for an occasion, resolved to picnic and visit St. Ronogue's Well, near the city. All were in high spirits; the party had been improvised, and was the more racy. A little sunshine was shedding its gladdening beams over the political sky, which enhanced the happiness of a very fine day. Silent congratulations were infused into the proceedings by those who knew Power and felt for him. Fun was uppermost. Two English people were present, but it made no difference; jealousies and ani-

mosities were killed in fun. They were friends of Power's, and had been true ones; besides, Helen was just the character to tickle and please their idiosyncrasies, for she could exchange wit and jest with them, without departing from good taste. Moreover, there was yet another reason why they should be received cordially, and that was a very apparent one,—Fred Power was madly in love with Helen Trevernen, and they could but own she was just such a girl as would be likely to run away with the affection of Mr. Fred Power. Evered was most kindly received: he had been tutored not to give offence by introducing politics,—a general term of significance. He had not, however, the same kind of winning way that his sister had, and somehow did not charm the softer sex and win their smiles.

Helen and Power were very happy. Helen was delighted with the jaunting-cars, so new to her, yet timid at the importunities of the beggars, and shocked with the constant repetition "for the love of God." She had a well-filled purse and a free hand, and distributed her largess freely, and received a thousand blessings,—all informing her that she was to be happy and the mother of a large and prosperous family.

Helen was not Irish; the beggars knew that, from her appearance as well as from information. When she spoke they knew she was English; but, although ill-feeling was provoked and passions were inflamed, it was observed by Helen that, in the midst of their importunities, not one, under any circumstances, made the slightest allusion to the country of the stranger. True, she was in good company, but it was also evident to their quick senses, judging by the peculiarities of their blessings, that they believed Helen would become the wife of Power, and therefore, on the many occasions afforded them to vent their spleen when repulsed by their too frequent applications, they, to Helen's idea, abstained from any ill-natured allusions in a very remarkable manner.

At the Well they were surrounded by Ireland's locusts; there they were, the halt and the lame, the blind and the maimed, performing their superstitious rites in drinking the holy water. Helen observed how unlike it was to St. Ruan's Well, and very modestly, perhaps coquettishly, asked Power if he remembered it, and their pleasant visit to it. Power answered her that he very well remembered it, and recited

the distich of old Kitty Keskeys, and marvelled how wondrously true the old woman's prediction had been. This made Helen tremble. They had wandered away alone somehow, and some little distance, no one knew how,—neither Power nor Helen could account for it on their return to the merry picnic;—they were all very busy picnicing, telling choice stories, and making fun, every one for himself, herself, and all together;—but in the meantime a little matter of importance to two of the party had been settled. Power had a way—many Irish have—of putting his arm round a lady's waist on occasions like the present; it helped the conversation, and gave a zest to the scene, perhaps aid to the walk; whether from habit or by design Power declared he did not know, when called to account for his behaviour; but he did it; and together thus they walked on and on, Helen becoming very excited. At last they came to a point,—it was the turning-point,—and they were turning to go back; but before they did so Helen lingered for a moment to look out on the beautiful surrounding scenery, and then made a very suitable good-bye kind of observation on it, and very pathetic. Her observation has never been chro-

nicled, nor answered to this day; for, instead of replying to it, Power more tightly encircled her, and before she had time to speak, he said,—

"Helen, will you be my wife?"

Helen, with all her words, had nothing now to say; trembling from head to foot, and looking on the ground, she was speechless. Power repeated his question. Helen paused a moment, gathered up her courage, looked Power in the face, and murmured,—

"Yes!"

Helen was very happy walking back; and though the distance was long outwards, it appeared wondrously short in returning homewards. To the "Where have you been?" "We thought we had missed you intirely," Helen felt and looked very sheepish, but Power made amends by his tact; and Helen was glad when she saw Evered fully engaged with a listening and apparently attentive party.

Helen whispered to her lover, "I wonder whether he is talking about Blanche?"

Power laughed, and said, "I shouldn't wonder."

The well having been explored and the picnic over, Power and his visitors returned. Helen immediately told Mrs. Power what had happened.

She said she was glad it was over, she knew it must come; and Mrs. Power received Helen as her daughter, remarking in the evening that she was glad there was now no longer any occasion for her to rearrange her thoughts when speaking of Mrs. Trevernen, and she hoped they would soon meet.

"Indeed, my dear," she said, "I have great news to tell the General, and I have no time to spare, as to-morrow is mail day, and really Helen you must be as you are, at home to-morrow, and leave me time for writing my letter."

Helen promised to do her best, and Power thought they might manage. Evered was gloomy over his cigar and toddy as usual, and now another trouble haunted him. He thought when Power confided to him his engagement that Helen had been too impulsive; that she had not said anything to him about it, and it really took him quite by surprise. Evered was now disagreeable, he wanted his Blanche; so Power listened to a description of some peculiarity that he had observed in the manner of Blanche which in time—"in time," chimed in Power with a whiff of smoke—he might turn to advantage. As before, the two friends finished their smoking

and their drinking. There were four of them now, two in the body and two in the imagination, faintly, yet distinctly delineated in outline from the fumes of smoke curling upwards in garlands.

Invitations from relations and friends poured in from many places. There was now not only no reason, but every reason why Power with his friends should make excursions. Arrangements were made; poor Biddy was to be left alone for a while with Mrs. Power, until such time as they arrived at Killarney, where she would join them. For Limerick the party started, passing through Waterford, Clonmel, Tipperary, enjoying the beautiful scenery and the phases of Irish life. At Limerick they were entertained by friends, and made an excursion to the falls of Killaloe, another was made to Castle Connell and to the falls of Doonas. From Limerick they went down the noble Shannon, stopping a short time with friends at Listowel, and finally arriving to sojourn with relations some little time at Tralee, having declined pressing invitations to visit Kilrush and the wild country adjacent, with the Shannon flowing into the Atlantic. At Tralee, Helen was glad of a little rest; she had been hurried on from one place to another, from one hospitable

home to another, and entertained as Fred Power's future wife with affection. Here a letter was received from Mrs. Power, informing them she had arrived at Killarney; this enabled Power to leave the elegant home of his relations.

Evered Trevernen, although enjoying himself, and compelled, in spite of himself to come out of his gloom, by the thousand kindnesses he daily received, and from the constant change of magnificent scenery, was nevertheless longing for home. He wanted Blanche; she was in all his thoughts. Helen and Power were as happy as the day was long, and perhaps a little too often forgot Evered in their new world of enjoyment. The contrast of feeling between the brother and sister was apparent; perhaps natural. Amidst these mountains, by the side of these lakes, in these glens, Helen found a new world of happiness in hope and joy and bliss. Here Evered mourned over the loss of happiness, in his hope being dead, his joy broken up, his bliss departed. "Here," Helen could say, "I found Power." Here her brother had to say, "I weep for Blanche." Time rushed away with eagle pinions, to Helen, chasing the happy hours from morn to night. Time dragged on, to Evered, with its ever-changing

scenes, bringing no relief to the monotony of his soul's thoughts. To him the ever-recurring day dragged on,—

> "tho' clouds kept out the sun,
> And his heart would break, yet brokenly live on."

This quotation, it may be remarked, from the vagrant Childe, had not yet come forth from the splendid misanthrope. Byronic days had not arrived; if they had, most surely Evered would have sent the poetry of an English bard echoing over Irish mountains day by day.

At Killarney Mrs. Power joined the party, and glad was Helen to meet her there. They were visiting at a friend's house, and to view these lakes was the culmination of their journey, for all that Helen had seen before was only preparatory she was told. The weather continued fine, although the season was advancing. The leaves were beginning to be tinged with autumn's golden hues; but a week was before them, the contemplated time to sojourn here, and then leave for Youghal. Helen was grown fond of old abbeys, ruins, and legends; she had already drunk freely, but her appetite increased by what it fed on. Power and Helen by arrangement paid an

early morning's visit to Muckross Abbey alone; this was the commencement of the first day. Both kept time, and together in early morning, with the dew upon the grass and glistening on ten thousand yellow autumn leaves, accompanied by the morning song of the choral lark, they walked, united in the bonds of affection, amidst this enchanting scenery, and found themselves alone in the ruins of the old Abbey of Muckross. Here they were together, the only disturbance to their romantic conversation being Power's care and anxiety lest Helen should get wet feet from the dewy grass, but Helen heeded not; she had scarcely time to say she was well booted, so delicious was the scene to her imagination, and so fascinating the legends Power was telling her of the place in his own melodious way, recited with his fluent tongue, and with a more than ordinarily musical voice. There was a little sense mixed up with their romantic pirouettes; nevertheless, they pictured the ancient days when this abbey was in its glory, and contrasted it with their own time; and though there was suffering and trouble, they both came to the same conclusion, that the golden age is nothing better than a poet's dream, that mediæval times, with their crusades, guilds, and

yule logs, were barbarous, uncomfortable, and unsafe, and were not to be compared with the present.

"Certainly not," said Power; "nothing like the present," imprinting a kiss, a warrantable kiss, on the unbreakfasted lips of Helen.

Power now informed her of his utter inability to enjoy Muckross Abbey any longer without his breakfast. Helen not having as yet had any difference of opinion with her lover, thought there was no occasion now for any, as she wanted her breakfast also, and significantly acquiescing as if in training for the future, the happy pair turned their backs on the ruin, and arm-in-arm marched off to breakfast. Fatigued with their day's work during their stay at Killarney, the visitors' evenings were short; a little singing and a little card playing, with plenty of smart fun, genial hospitality, and plans for the to-morrow were their occupations. The usual tumbler of whisky toddy, and a smoke after the ladies had retired, was persevered in and continued with perfect regularity in every house they visited since they left Youghal. Evered took no interest in anything; nothing charmed him, the evening hour, when friends closed in around each other and talked generously, was

unappreciated by him. He threw a gloom on jokes and wit, the essence of Irish hospitality. Power would have reasoned with him, perhaps quarrelled with him, but for Helen. Evered rather presumed on the engagement of his sister to try Power's quick temper. He knew it, and perhaps for a moment had relief from it; so strangely is the human mind constituted, that out of wanton and wilful provocation, there is a kind of gratification.

Power and Evered were not alone, there were other gentlemen present; but it was painful for Power to be hearing constantly reflections made on Evered as his friend, the very opposite to those freely lavished on his sister. This evening Power was repelled. The evening sociality had closed and the friends had said their good night. Power accompanied Evered upstairs to their respective bedrooms, and put his arm laughingly and kindly, intending sympathy, round his waist, and whispered,—

> "Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
> As e'er my conversation coped withal;"

when Evered almost passionately said, "I'll not play Horatio to your Hamlet," and with a scowl

on an angry countenance, he entered his room and closed his door.

Power mused at the display of temper, and saw that the evil disposition which he had seen at college in earlier days, had not been exorcised, but was there in all its malignity, and he feared that it would display itself in sad and bitter consequences in Evered's future life, when he would have more opportunity and power to manifest it for his evil gratifications. Power now went to bed, changing Evered for Helen in his thoughts.

Another beautiful day had begun, and the party found themselves enlarged by the company of many friends; the whole tour, or passage of the lakes was to be done. Early the party assembled, and rode, some on horses, some in carriages and the usual jaunty car, all very merry and in the highest spirits, to enjoy the glorious weather amidst scenery so magnificent.

On the road from Killarney to the Gap of Dunloe, with the lake scenery on the left, the friends in groups, laughing and joking, made their way; here the vehicles were left, and on foot they proceeded through the gap, around the point, through the valley, until they came to the

head of the lake, where boats were waiting for them. The Logan Rock, or Rocking Stone, was visited out of deference to Helen, she having observed that in her country they had one overlooking the sea, near to the Land's End. Moore was thus chanted by Power,—

> "The slightest touch alone sets moving,
> But all earth's power could not shake it from its base;"

as he easily rocked it. Whilst here they were importuned by beggars, one waggish one observing a whisky flagon, said that he was very "dhry, yer honor!"

"How is that, Pat?"

"Ah! yer honer," the sly rogue, seeing Helen listening, said, "oh yer honer, it's becase of bad drames intirely, bedad intirely your ladyship, blessings on your smiling face!"

"Well, Pat, your drame."

"Well, yer honer, I dramed I was at Rome last night—"

"At Rome, Pat?"

"Indeed, it's thrue, yer honor, and I saw his Rivrince the Pope. 'By my sowl,' sez I, 'it's the ould jintleman himself.'—'I am,' says he. 'Sure and sartain,' says I. 'Well, Pat,' says he, 'what's

the news from the ould country, and what's the news in Pearlament?'—'Your Rivrince,' says I, 'it's mighty dhry we are.'—'Sure are ye now,' says he, 'and what would you loike? a dhrop of the raal mountain dew?' says he. 'Jist the same, your Rivrince,' says I. 'Ye shall have it,' says he. 'Troth!' says I, 'you're a jintleman anyhow.'—'Ye may well say that,' says he; 'and how'll ye have it, Pat?' says he, 'het or could?' —'Het,' says I. 'Ye shall,' says he 'and I'll jist fetch the water myself.' Oh, yer honor, by jakers, jist then I woke. Oh, by the holy Vargin, I wish I'd said I'd have had it could!"

This caused great laughter, and by Helen was to be remembered as an excellent Irish story in days to come.

Down the lakes they were rowed, feasting and sending echoes over the mountains, stopping to land at Arbutus Island, Ross Island, and sweet Innisfallen, where Helen listened to poetry, song, and legend to her heart's content. In due course Mangerton was ascended, and the Torc cascade surveyed, until the eye became wearied as well as the body, and rest was hoped for and desired. Power felt that the scenery of Killarney and the pleasant visit had exceeded all expectations;

was content and quite ready to say adieu to their kind friends, and take farewell of the lakes, and repose at home with his beloved *fiancée*, and indulge in his "*dolce far niente.*"

END OF VOL. I.

PRINTED BY TAYLOR AND CO.,
LITTLE QUEEN STREET, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS.

a/y

UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS-URBANA
3 0112 045850952